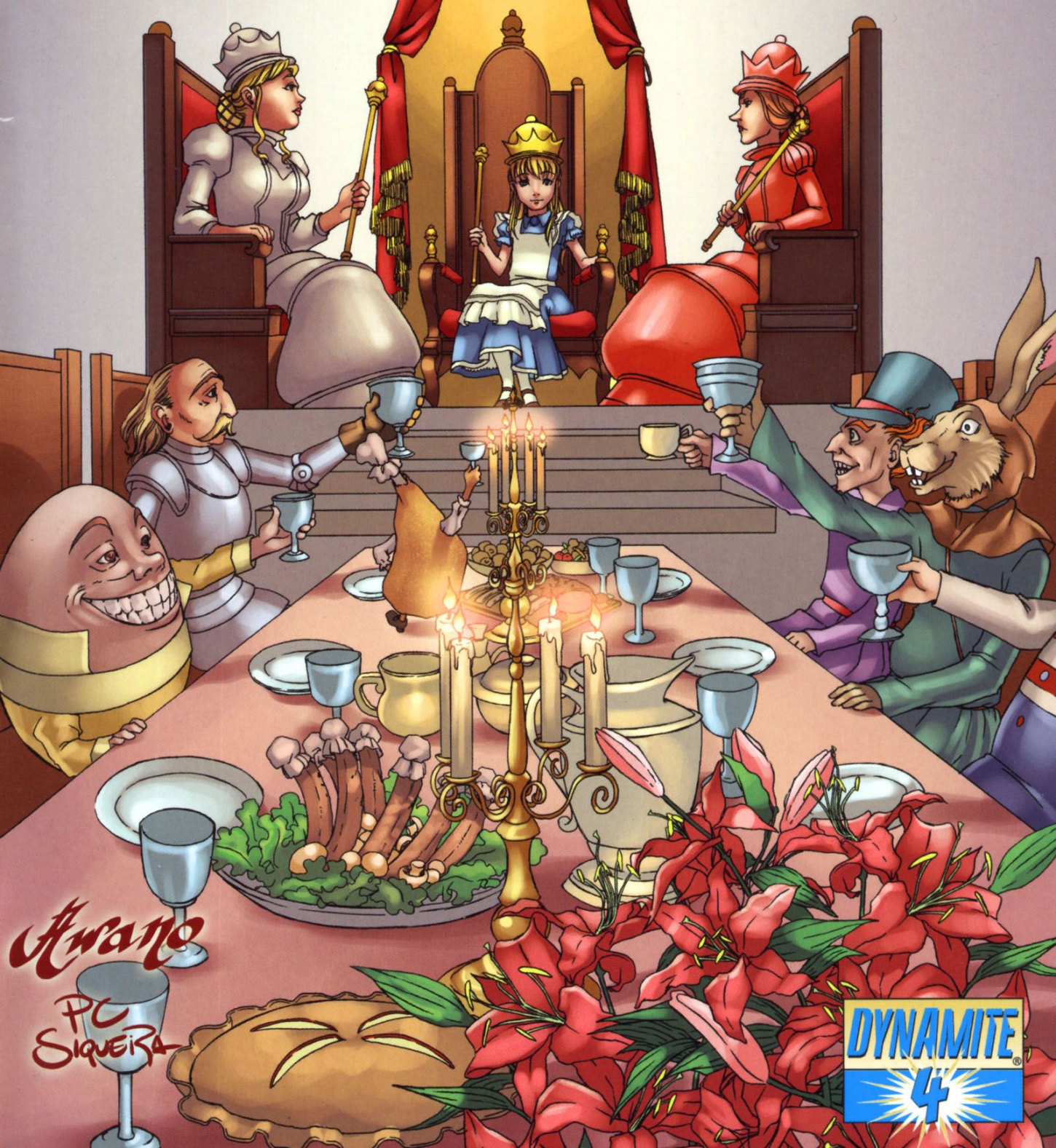


The Complete ALICE In Wonderland



Arano
PC
SIQUEIRA

DYNAMITE
4

Dynamite Entertainment presents:

The Complete Alice In Wonderland™

story by
LEWIS CARROLL

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ALE STARLING pages 27-34
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HUMPTY
DUMPTY!

IT CAN'T BE
ANYBODY ELSE! I'M
AS CERTAIN OF IT,
AS IF HIS NAME
WAS WRITTEN ALL
OVER HIS FACE!

AND
HOW EXACTLY
LIKE AN EGG
HE IS!



IT'S *VERY*
PROVOKING TO BE
CALLED AN EGG.
VERY!

I SAID
YOU LOOKED
LIKE AN EGG, SIR. AND
SOME EGGS ARE
VERY PRETTY, YOU
KNOW...



SOME
PEOPLE HAVE
NO MORE
SENSE THAN
A BABY!



DON'T STAND THERE GOGGLING LIKE THAT! TELL ME YOUR NAME AND YOUR BUSINESS.

MY NAME IS ALICE, BUT...

IT'S A STUPID NAME ENOUGH! WHAT DOES IT MEAN?



MUST A NAME MEAN SOMETHING?

OF COURSE IT MUST!



MY NAME MEANS THE SHAPE I AM--AND A GOOD HANDSOME SHAPE IT IS, TOO. WITH A NAME LIKE YOURS, YOU MIGHT BE ANY SHAPE, ALMOST.



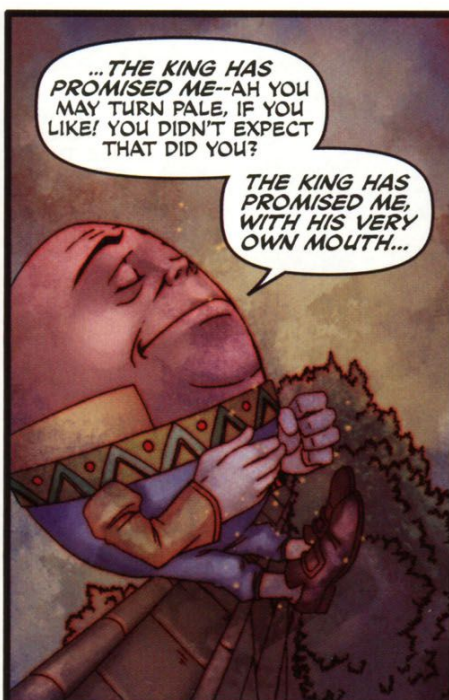
WHY DO YOU SIT OUT HERE ALL ALONE?

WHY, BECAUSE THERE'S NOBODY WITH ME! DID YOU THINK I DIDN'T KNOW THE ANSWER TO *THAT*? ASK ANOTHER.



DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BE SAFER DOWN ON THE GROUND? THAT WALL IS SO VERY NARROW!

WHAT EASY RIDDLES YOU ASK! WHY, IF EVER I *DID* FALL OFF...



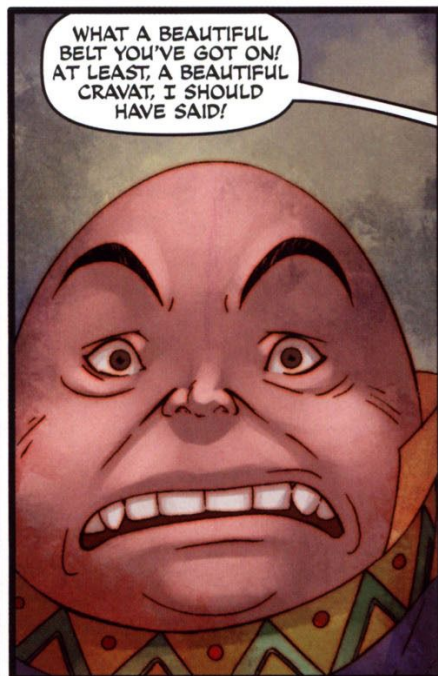
...THE KING HAS PROMISED ME--AH YOU MAY TURN PALE, IF YOU LIKE! YOU DIDN'T EXPECT THAT DID YOU?

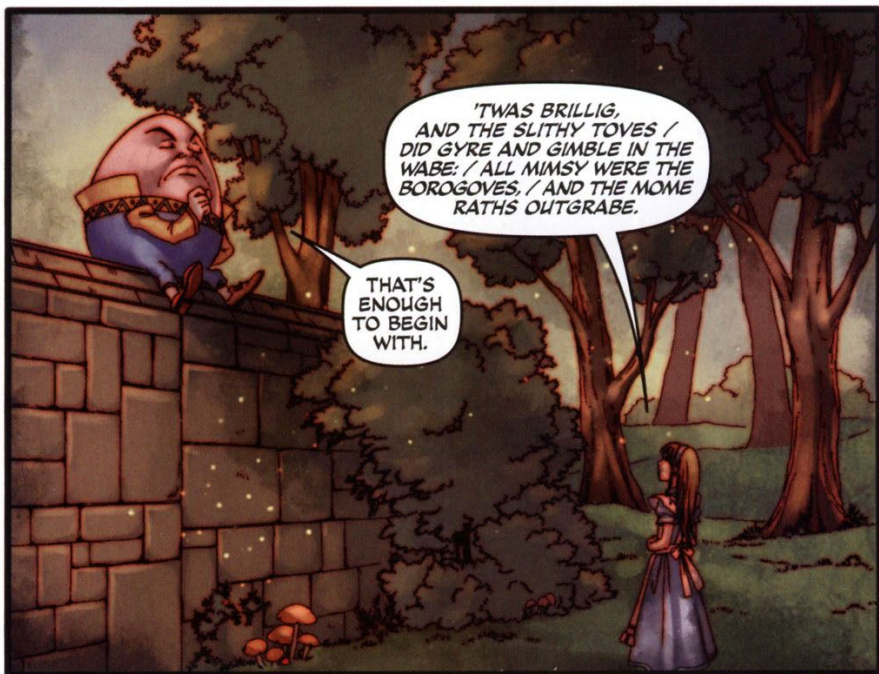
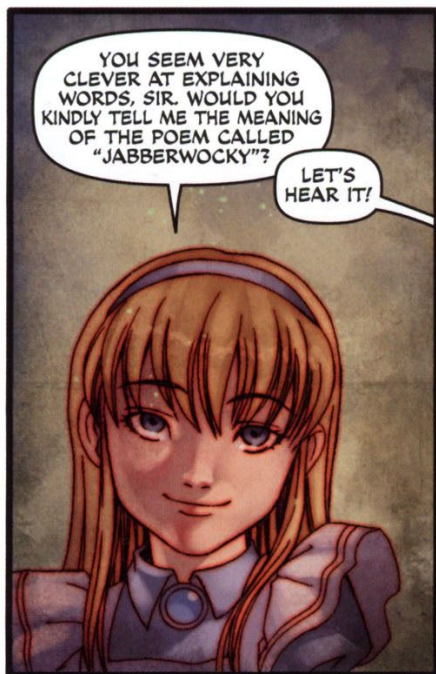
THE KING HAS PROMISED ME, WITH HIS VERY OWN MOUTH...



"TO SEND ALL HIS HORSES AND ALL HIS MEN"

NOW I DECLARE! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN EAVESDROPPING! BUT, YES, AND THEY'D PICK ME UP AGAIN IN A MOMENT!

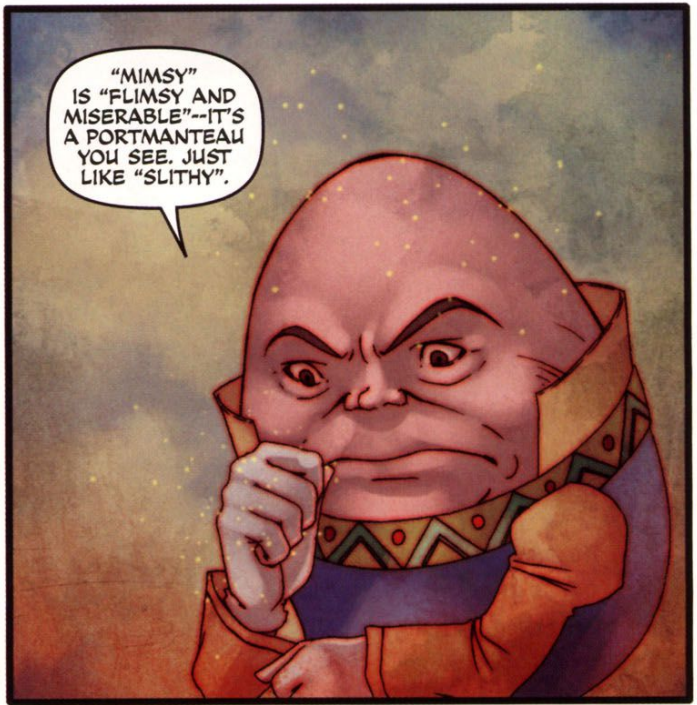






AND
"WABE" IS THE
GRASS-PLOT
ROUND A
SUN-DIAL, I
SUPPOSE?

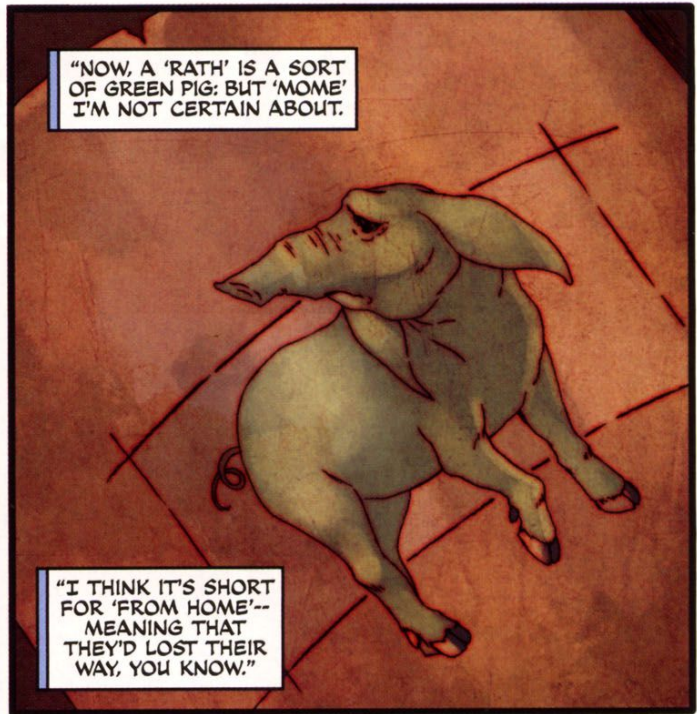
OF COURSE!
IT'S CALLED "WABE,"
BECAUSE IT GOES A
LONG WAY BEFORE IT,
AND A LONG WAY
BEHIND IT.



"MIMSY"
IS "FLIMSY AND
MISERABLE"--IT'S
A PORTMANTEAU
YOU SEE. JUST LIKE
"SLITHY".



"AND A 'BROROGROVE' IS A THIN SHABBY-
LOOKING BIRD WITH ITS FEATHERS STICKING
OUT ALL ROUND--SOMETHING LIKE A LIVE MOP.



"NOW, A 'RATH' IS A SORT
OF GREEN PIG; BUT 'MOME'
I'M NOT CERTAIN ABOUT.

"I THINK IT'S SHORT
FOR 'FROM HOME'--
MEANING THAT
THEY'D LOST THEIR
WAY, YOU KNOW."



AND
WHAT DOES
"OUTGRABE"
MEAN?

"OUTGRABING"
IS SOMETHING
BETWEEN BELLOWING
AND WHISTLING, WITH
A KIND OF SNEEZE IN
THE MIDDLE.



WHO'S
BEEN REPEATING
ALL THAT HARD
STUFF TO YOU?

I READ IT
IN A BOOK.

BUT I DID
HAVE SOME POETRY
REPEATED TO
ME, MUCH EASIER
THAN THAT, BY...
TWEEDLEDEE, I
THINK IT WAS...



NOW,
I CAN REPEAT
POETRY AS WELL
AS OTHER FOLK,
IF IT COMES
TO THAT.

OH, IT
NEEDN'T--

THE
PIECE I'M GOING TO
REPEAT WAS WRITTEN
ENTIRELY FOR YOUR
AMUSEMENT.



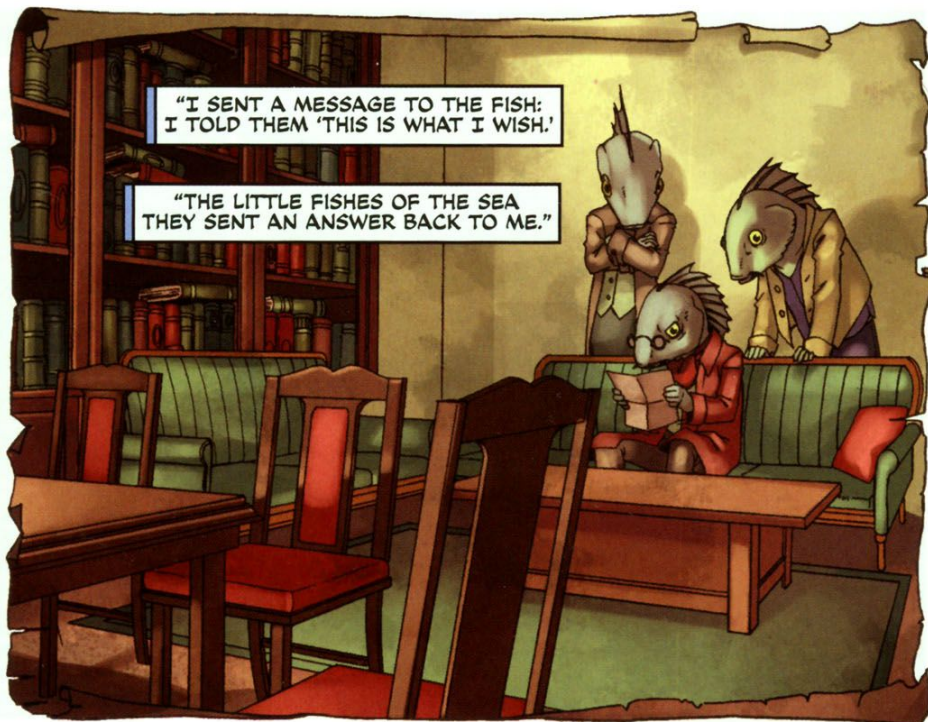
IN WINTER,
WHEN THE FIELDS
ARE WHITE, / I SING
THIS SONG FOR
YOUR DELIGHT--

IN SPRING, WHEN
WOODS ARE GETTING
GREEN, / I'LL TRY
AND TELL YOU WHAT
I MEAN.



IN SUMMER,
WHEN THE DAYS
ARE LONG, /
PERHAPS YOU'LL
UNDERSTAND THE
SONG;

IN AUTUMN,
WHEN THE
LEAVES ARE
BROWN, / TAKE
PEN AND INK,
AND WRITE IT
DOWN.



"I SENT A MESSAGE TO THE FISH:
I TOLD THEM 'THIS IS WHAT I WISH.'"

"THE LITTLE FISHES OF THE SEA
THEY SENT AN ANSWER BACK TO ME."



THE
LITTLE FISHES'
ANSWER WAS / 'WE
CANNOT DO IT, SIR,
BECAUSE--'

I'M AFRAID
I DON'T QUITE
UNDERSTAND.

IT GETS
EASIER
FURTHER
ON.



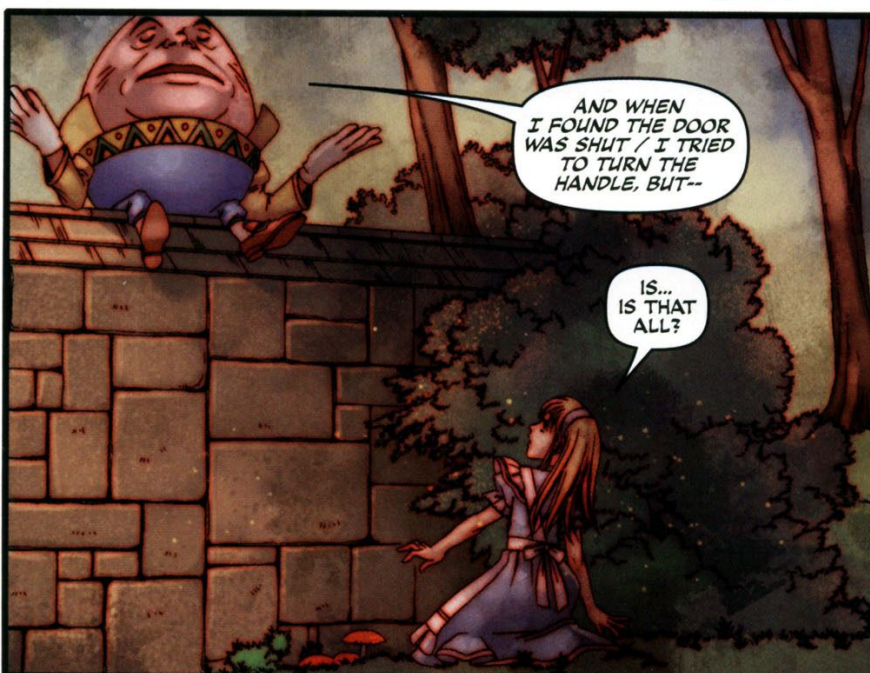
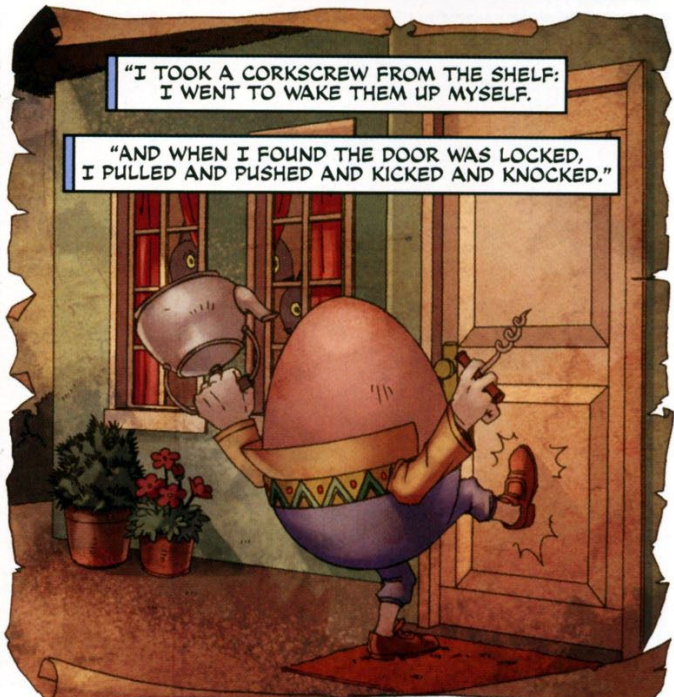
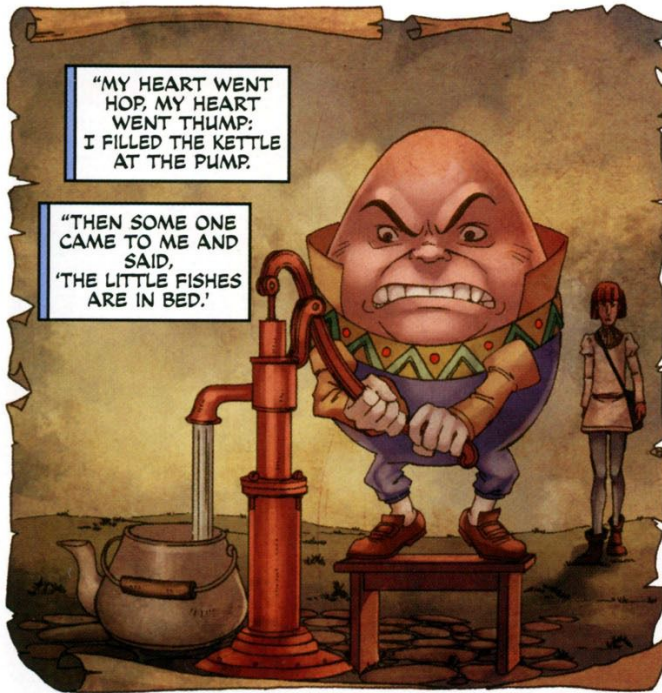
"I SENT TO THEM AGAIN TO SAY
'IT WILL BE BETTER TO OBEY.'"

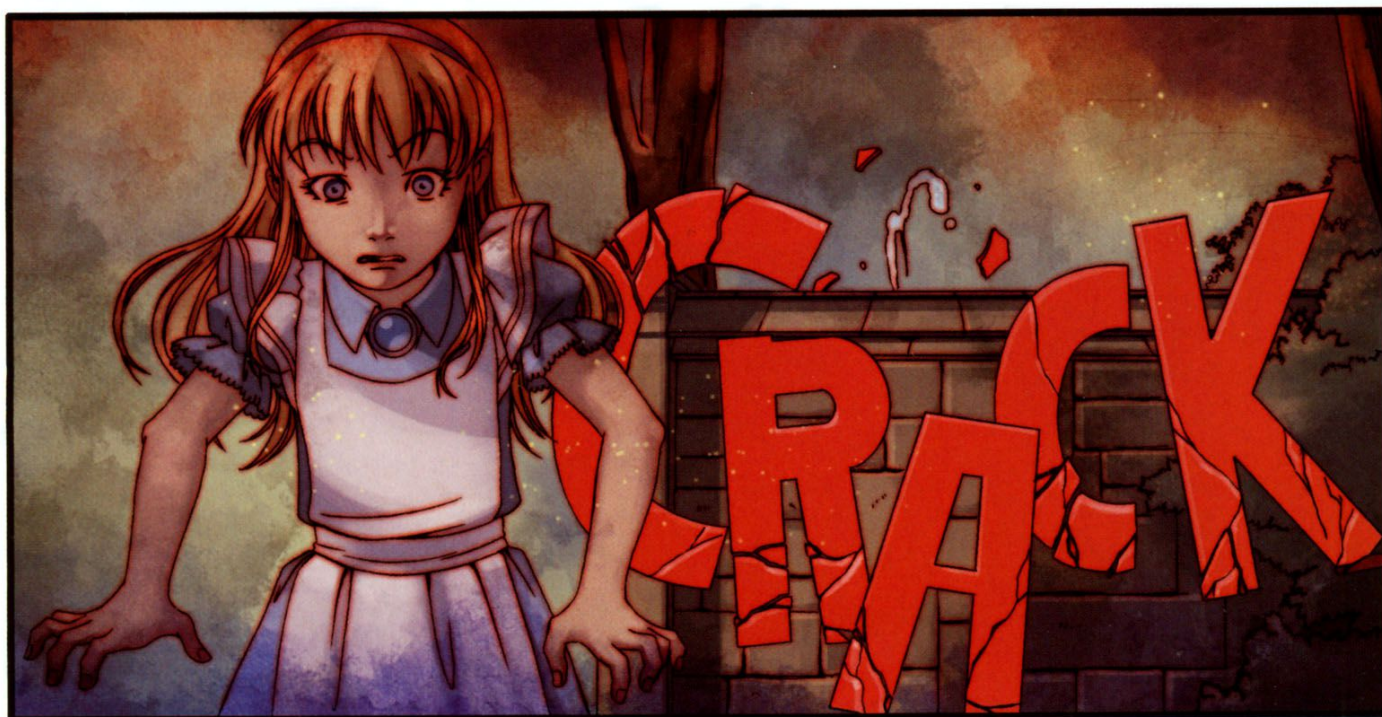
"THE FISHES ANSWERED WITH A GRIN
'WHY, WHAT A TEMPER YOU ARE IN!'"



I TOLD THEM
ONCE, I TOLD THEM
TWICE; / THEY
WOULD NOT LISTEN
TO ADVICE.

I TOOK A
KETTLE LARGE
AND NEW, / FIT
FOR THE DEED
I HAD TO DO.





The soldiers came in such crowds that they seemed to fill the whole forest.

Alice thought that in all her life she had never seen soldiers so uncertain on their feet.



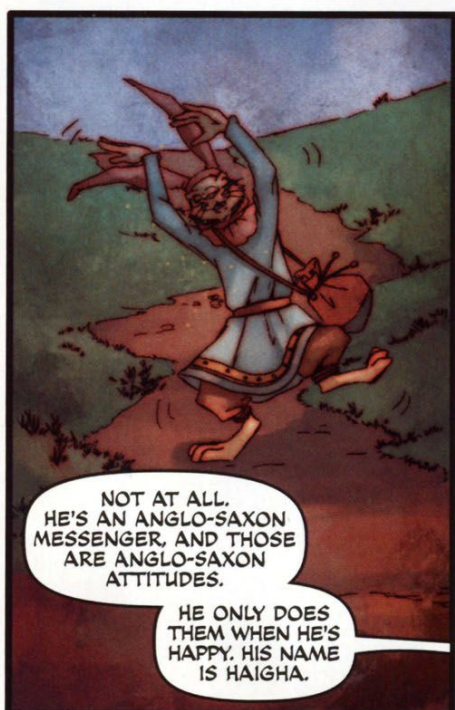
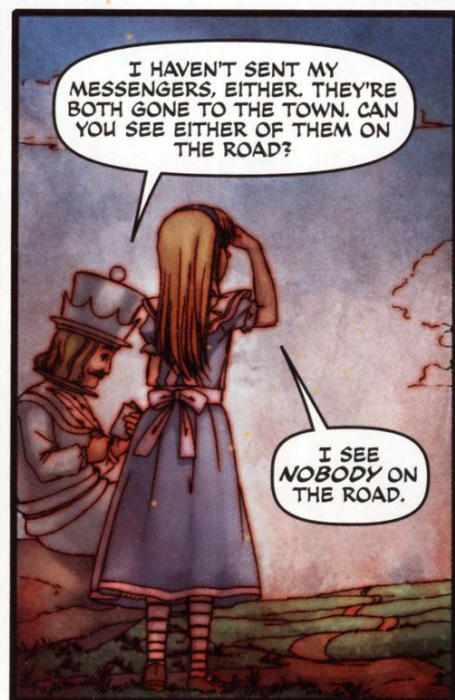
They were always tripping over something or other, and whenever one went down, several more always fell over him.

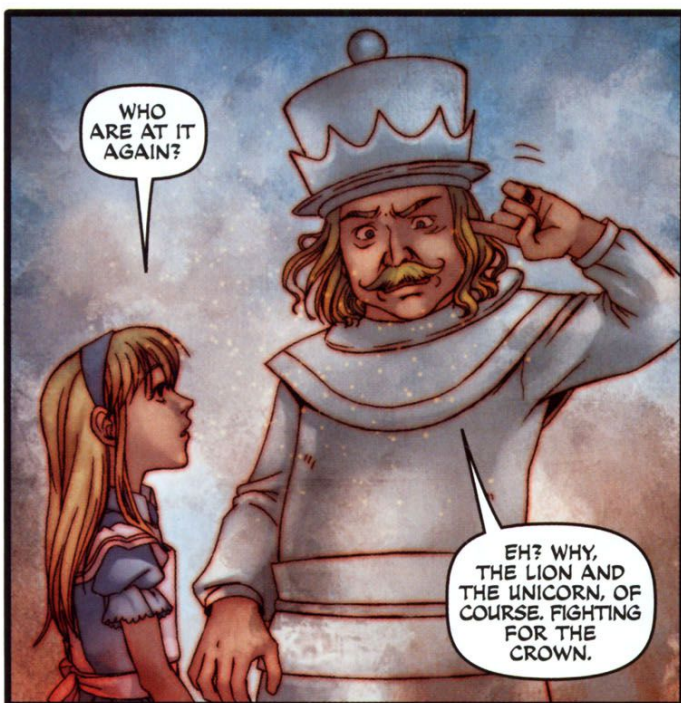
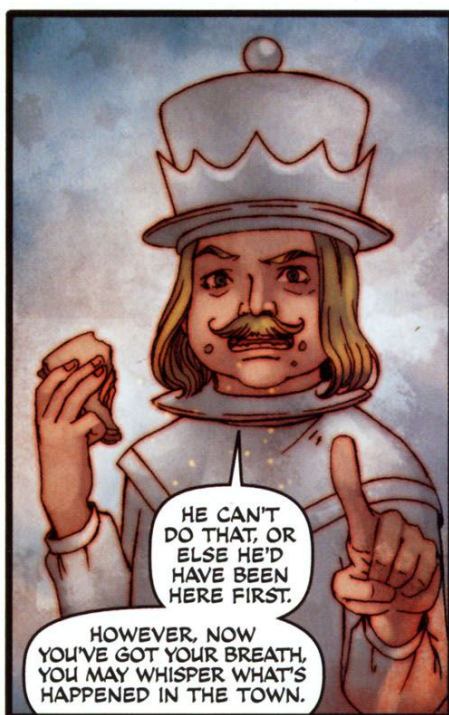
And it seemed to be a regular rule that, whenever a horse stumbled, the rider fell off instantly.



The confusion got worse every moment, and Alice was very glad to get away.







The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown:
The Lion beat the Unicorn all round the town.

Some gave them white bread, some gave them brown:
Some gave them plum-cake and drummed them out of town.

The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown:
The Lion beat the Unicorn all round the town.

Some gave them white bread, some gave them brown:
Some gave them plum-cake and drummed them out of town.

IT'S HATTA!
HE'S ONLY JUST
OUT OF PRISON
YOU KNOW!

HADN'T
FINISHED HIS
TEA WHEN HE
WENT IN.

HOW
ARE THEY
GETTING
ON?

IT'S HATTA!
HE'S ONLY JUST
OUT OF PRISON
YOU KNOW!

HADN'T
FINISHED HIS
TEA WHEN HE
WENT IN.

HOW
ARE THEY
GETTING
ON?

IT'S HATTA!
HE'S ONLY JUST
OUT OF PRISON
YOU KNOW!

HADN'T
FINISHED HIS
TEA WHEN HE
WENT IN.

HOW
ARE THEY
GETTING
ON?

TH-THEY'RE GETTING ON VERY WELL YOUR MAJESTY...

EACH OF THEM HAS BEEN DOWN ABOUT EIGHTY-SEVEN TIMES.

TH-THEY'RE GETTING ON VERY WELL YOUR MAJESTY...

EACH OF THEM HAS BEEN DOWN ABOUT EIGHTY-SEVEN TIMES.



TEN MINUTES
ALLOWED FOR
REFRESHMENTS!



I DON'T
THINK THEY'LL
FIGHT ANY MORE
TO-DAY.

HATTA! GO
AND ORDER
THE DRUMS
TO BEGIN!

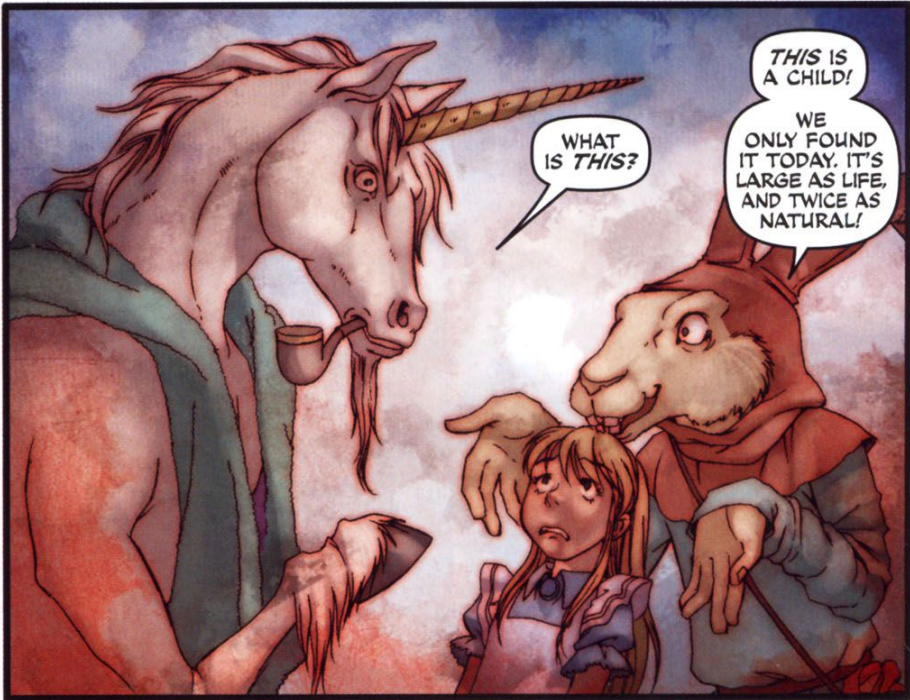


YUCK!
THE BREAD
IS SO DRY!



I HAD
THE BEST
OF IT THIS
TIME, EH?

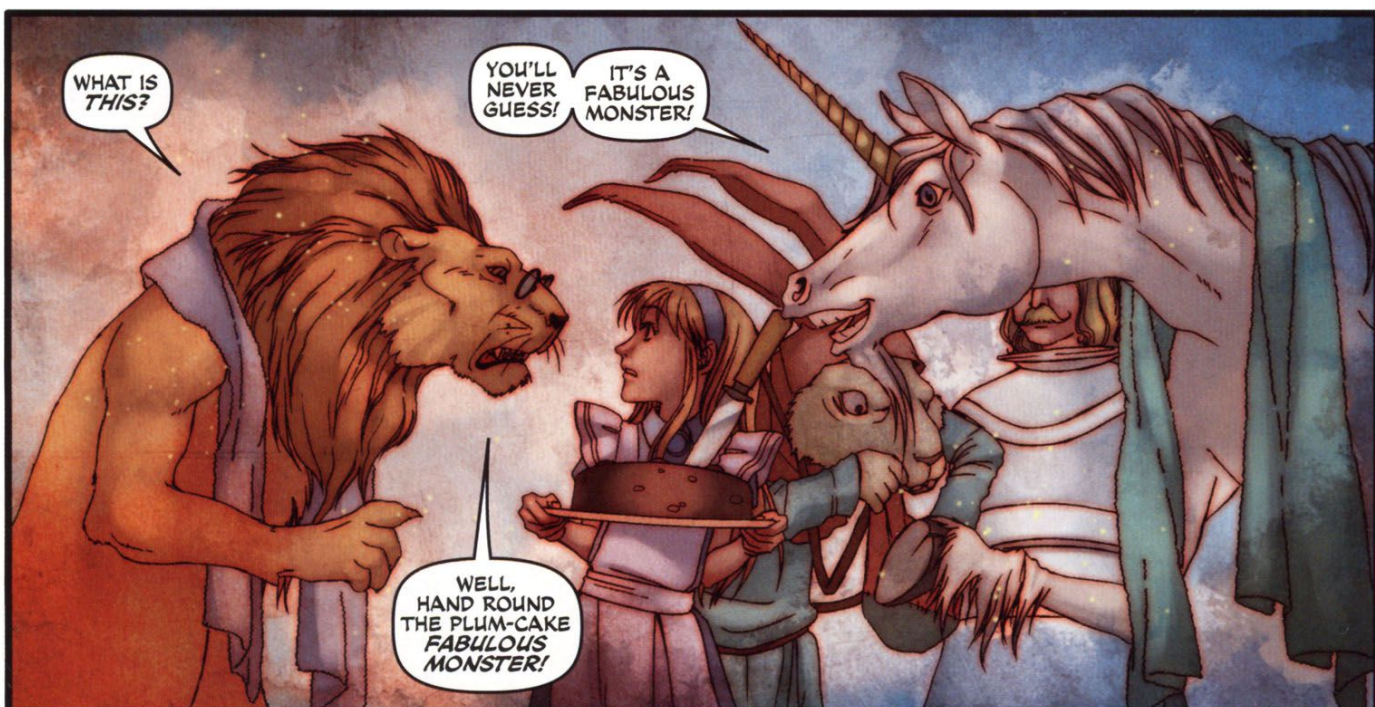
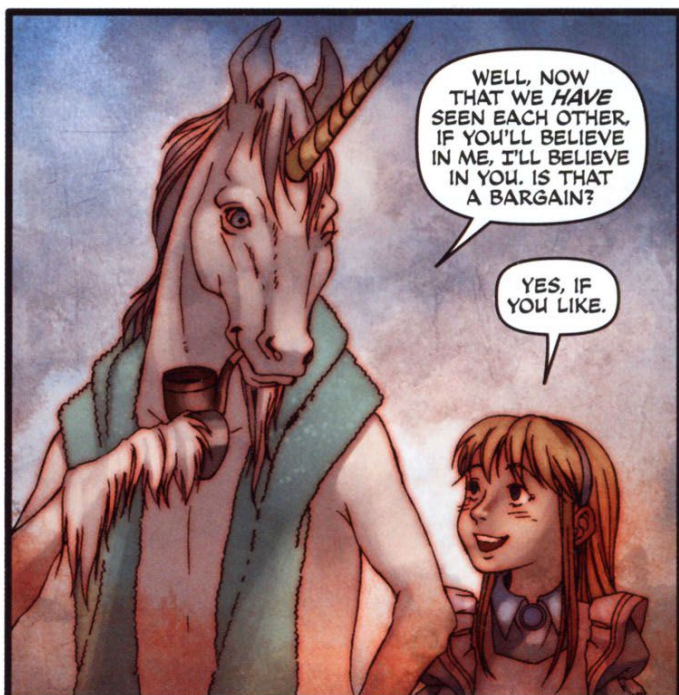
A LITTLE.
A LITTLE.

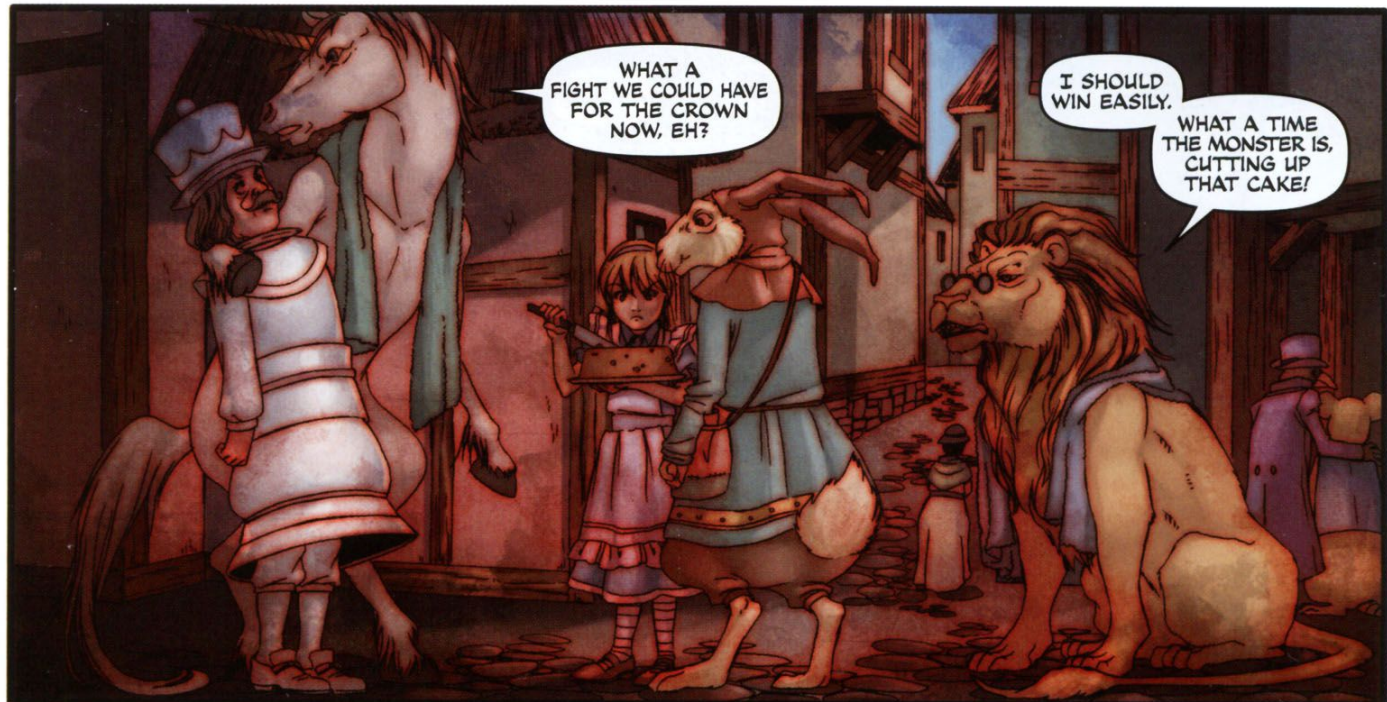


WHAT
IS THIS?

THIS IS
A CHILD!

WE
ONLY FOUND
IT TODAY. IT'S
LARGE AS LIFE,
AND TWICE AS
NATURAL!





WHAT A FIGHT WE COULD HAVE FOR THE CROWN NOW, EH?

I SHOULD WIN EASILY.

WHAT A TIME THE MONSTER IS, CUTTING UP THAT CAKE!



IT'S VERY PROVOKING! I'VE CUT SEVERAL PIECES ALREADY, BUT THEY ALWAYS JOIN BACK ON!

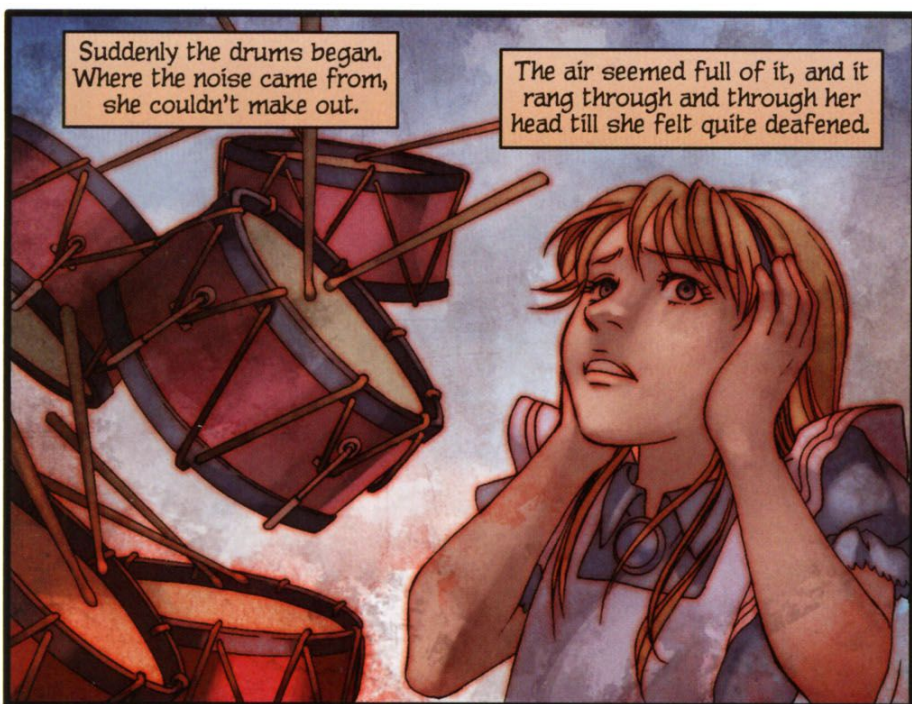


YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO HANDLE LOOKING-GLASS CAKES.

PASS IT ROUND FIRST, THEN CUT IT UP!



OH! BUT HOW CAN IT POSSIBLY...

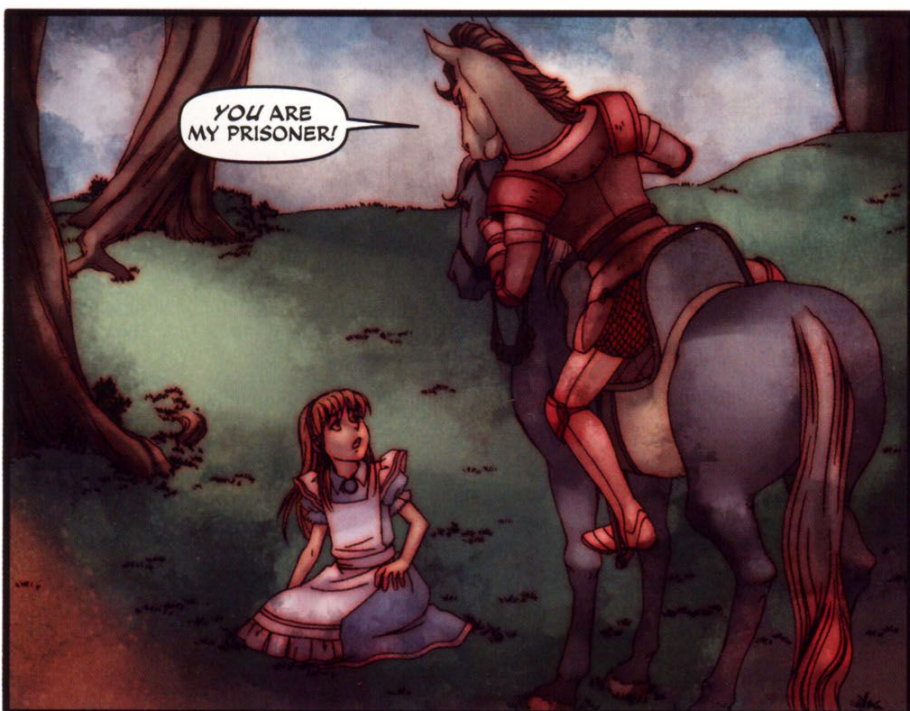
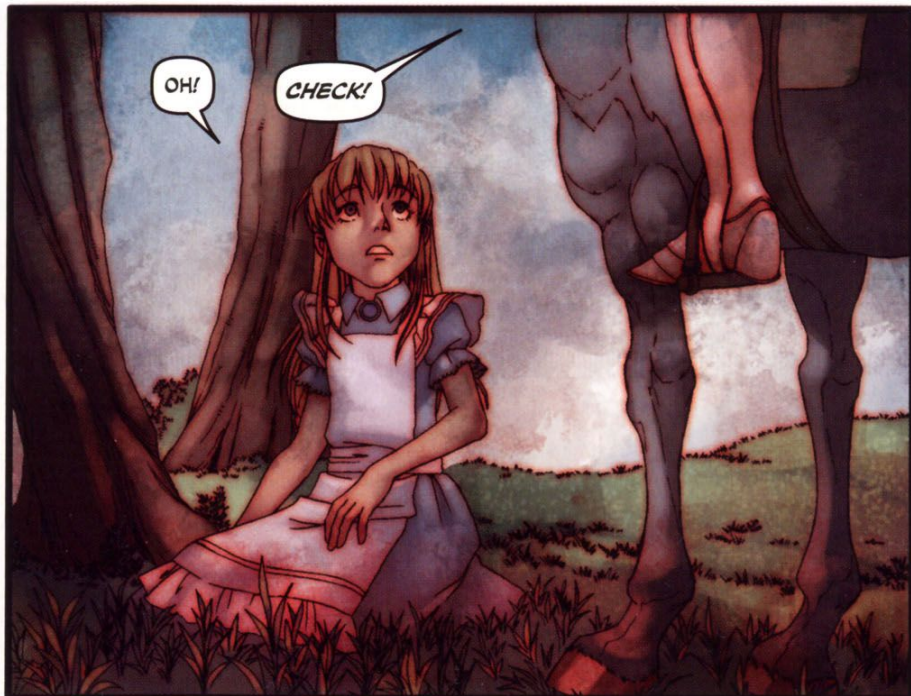


Suddenly the drums began. Where the noise came from, she couldn't make out.

The air seemed full of it, and it rang through and through her head till she felt quite deafened.



She started to her feet and sprang across the next little brook in her terror.

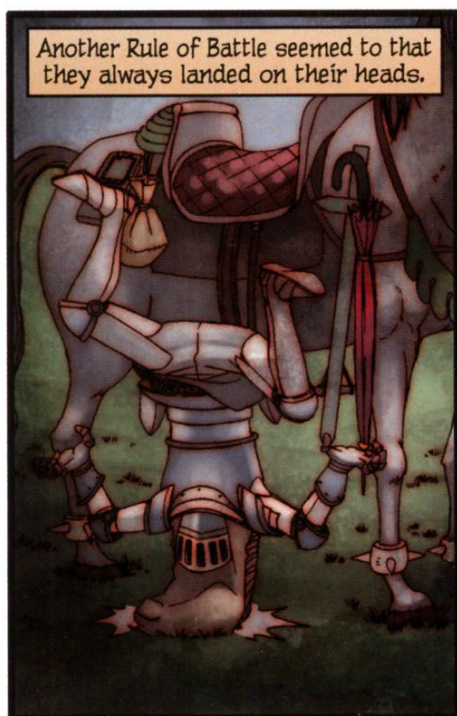




One rule seemed to be, that if one knight hit the other, he knocked him off his horse.



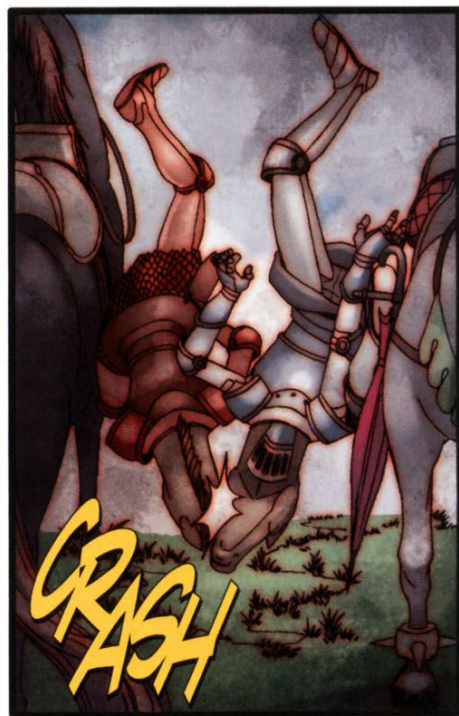
But, if the knight missed, he fell off his horse himself.



Another Rule of Battle seemed to be that they always landed on their heads.



And yet another seemed to be that they held their clubs with their arms, as if they were Punch and Judy



CRASH



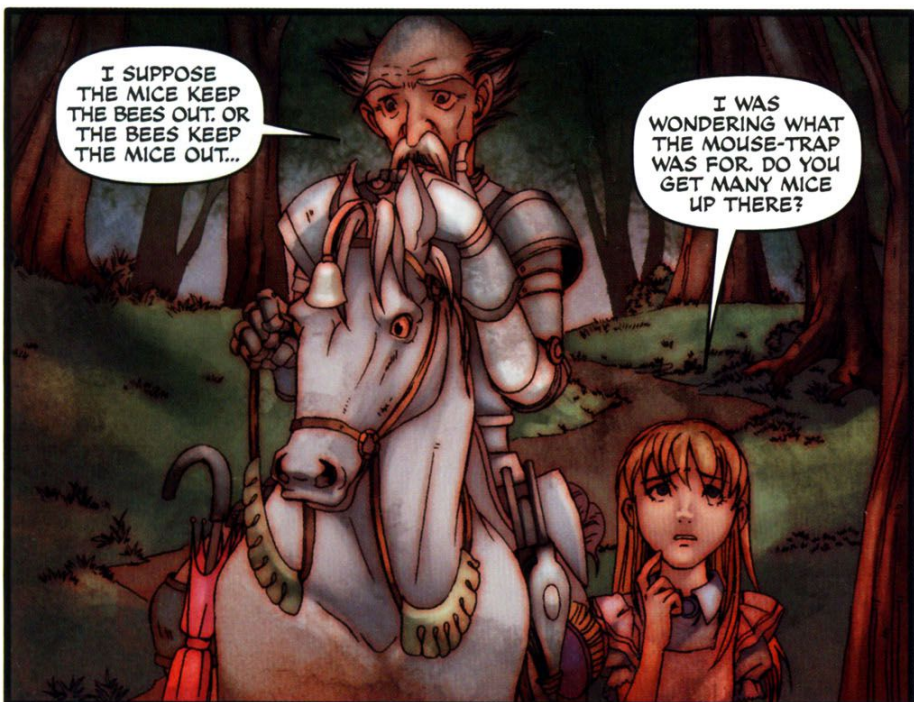
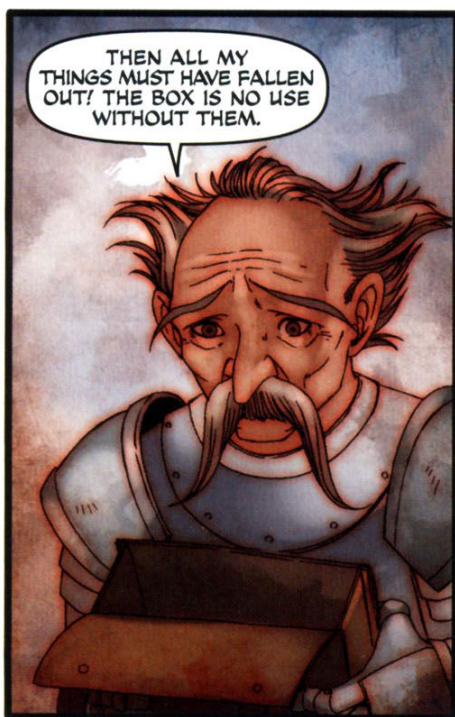
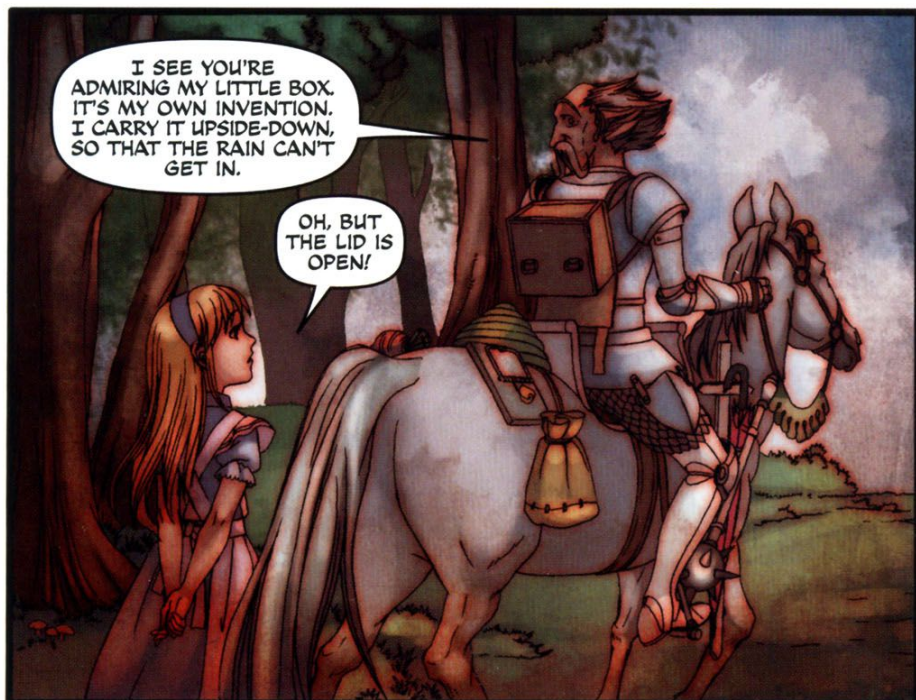
I SUBMIT.

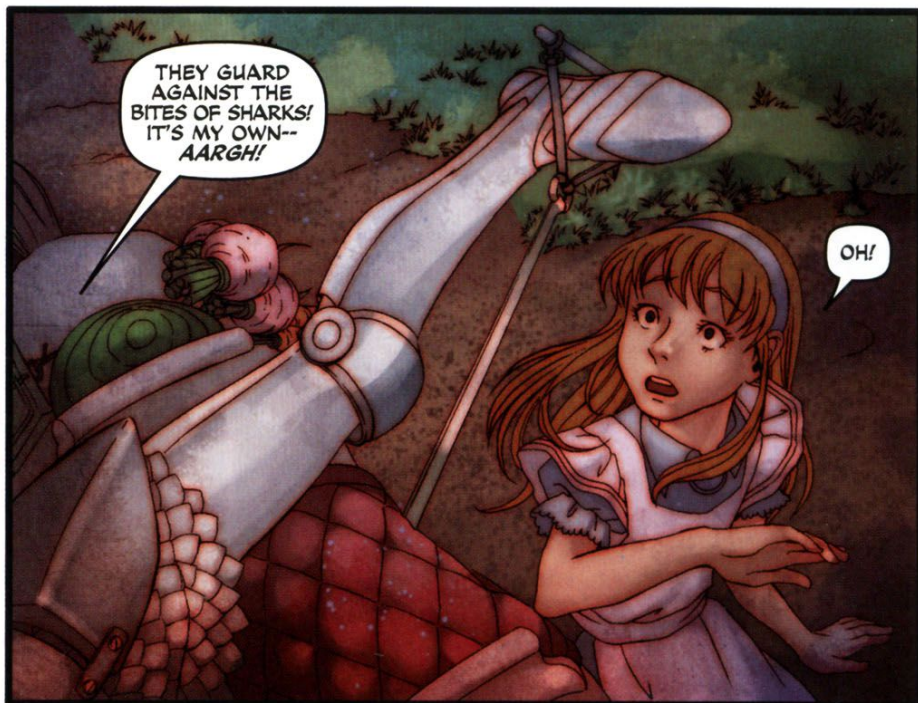
WELL FOUGHT SIR.



IT WAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY, WASN'T IT?

I-I DON'T WANT TO BE ANYONE'S PRISONER...





I'LL TELL THEE EVERYTHING I CAN:
THERE'S LITTLE TO RELATE.
I SAW AN AGED, AGED MAN,
A-SITTING ON A GATE.

"WHO ARE YOU, AGED MAN?" I SAID,
"AND HOW IS IT YOU LIVE?"
AND HIS ANSWER TRICKLED THROUGH
MY HEAD
LIKE WATER THROUGH A SIEVE.

HE SAID "I LOOK FOR BUTTERFLIES
THAT SLEEP AMONG THE WHEAT:
I MAKE THEM INTO MUTTON-PIES,
AND SELL THEM IN THE STREET.

I SELL THEM UNTO MEN," HE SAID,
"WHO SAIL ON STORMY SEAS:
AND THAT'S THE WAY I GET MY BREAD--
A TRIFLE, IF YOU PLEASE."

BUT I WAS THINKING OF A PLAN
TO DYE ONE'S WHISKERS GREEN,
AND ALWAYS USE SO LARGE A FAN
THAT THEY COULD NOT BE SEEN.

SO, HAVING NO REPLY TO GIVE
TO WHAT THE OLD MAN SAID,
I CRIED, "COME, TELL ME HOW YOU LIVE!"
AND THUMPED HIM ON THE HEAD.

HIS ACCENTS MILD TOOK UP THE TALE:
HE SAID, "I GO MY WAYS,
AND WHEN I FIND A MOUNTAIN-RILL,
I SET IT IN A BLAZE:

AND THENCE THEY MAKE A STUFF
THEY CALL
ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL--
YET TWOPENCE-HALFPENNY IS ALL
THEY GIVE ME FOR MY TOIL."



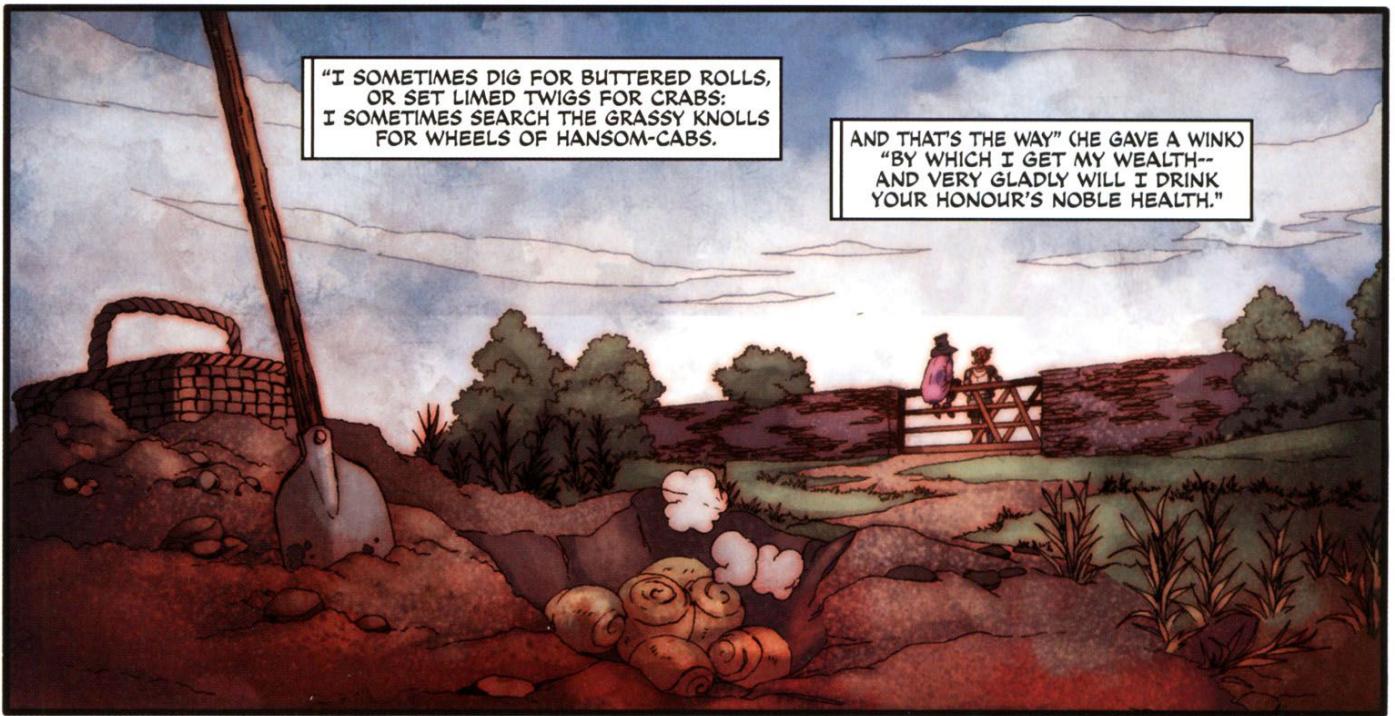
BUT I WAS THINKING OF A WAY
TO FEED ONE'S SELF ON BATTER,
AND SO GO ON FROM DAY TO DAY
GETTING A LITTLE FATTER.

I SHOOK HIM WELL FROM SIDE TO SIDE,
UNTIL HIS FACE WAS BLUE,
"COME, TELL ME HOW YOU LIVE," I CRIED,
"AND WHAT IT IS YOU DO!"



HE SAID, "I HUNT FOR HADDOCKS' EYES
AMONG THE HEATHER BRIGHT,
AND WORK THEM INTO WAISTCOAT-BUTTONS
IN THE SILENT NIGHT.

AND THESE I DO NOT SELL FOR GOLD
OR COIN OF SILVERY SHINE,
BUT FOR A COPPER HALFPENNY,
AND THAT WILL PURCHASE NINE.



"I SOMETIMES DIG FOR BUTTERED ROLLS,
OR SET LIMED TWIGS FOR CRABS;
I SOMETIMES SEARCH THE GRASSY KNOLLS
FOR WHEELS OF HANSOM-CABS.

AND THAT'S THE WAY" (HE GAVE A WINK)
"BY WHICH I GET MY WEALTH--
AND VERY GLADLY WILL I DRINK
YOUR HONOUR'S NOBLE HEALTH."



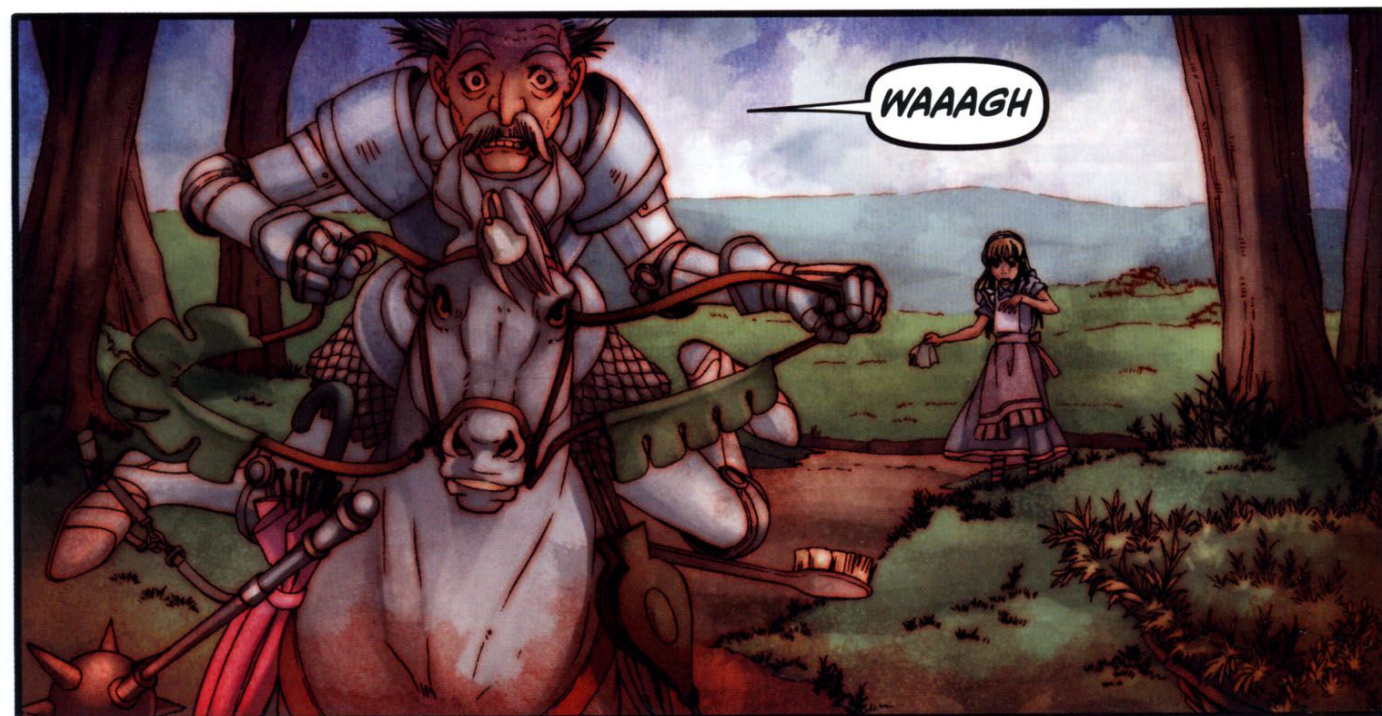
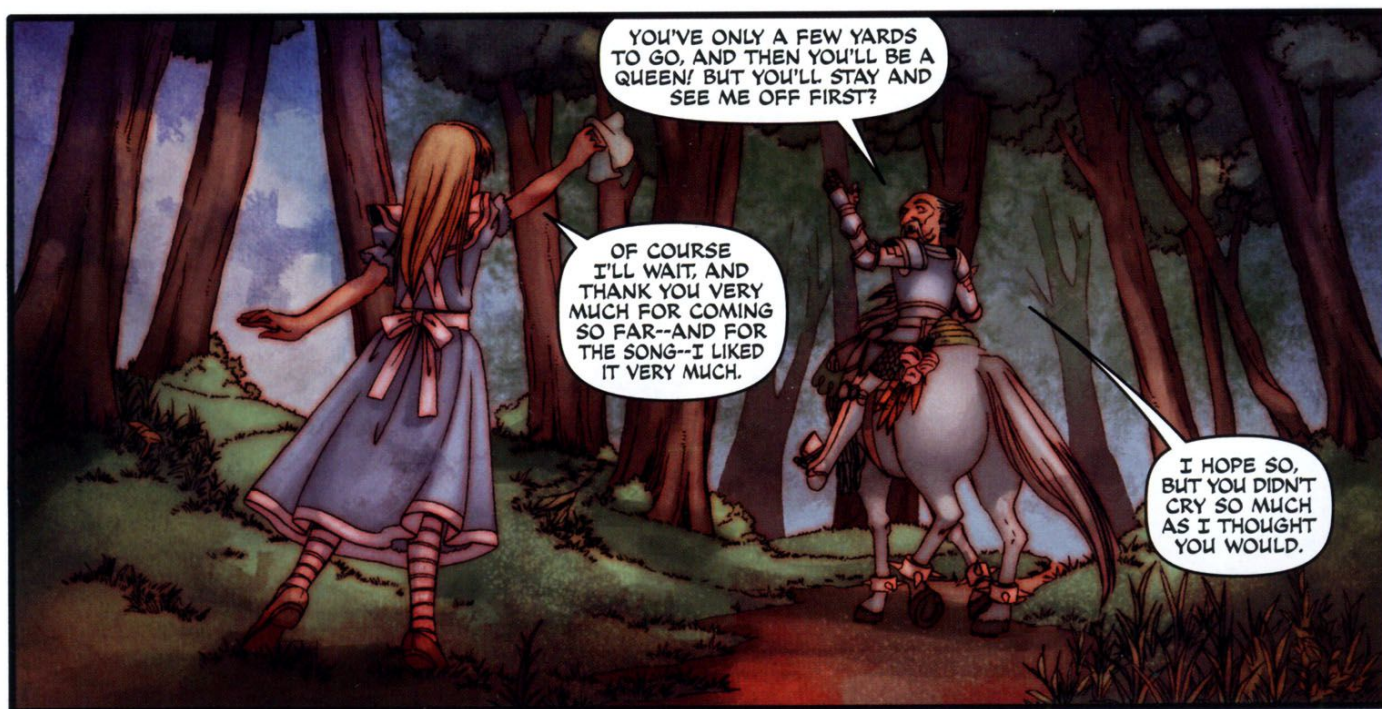
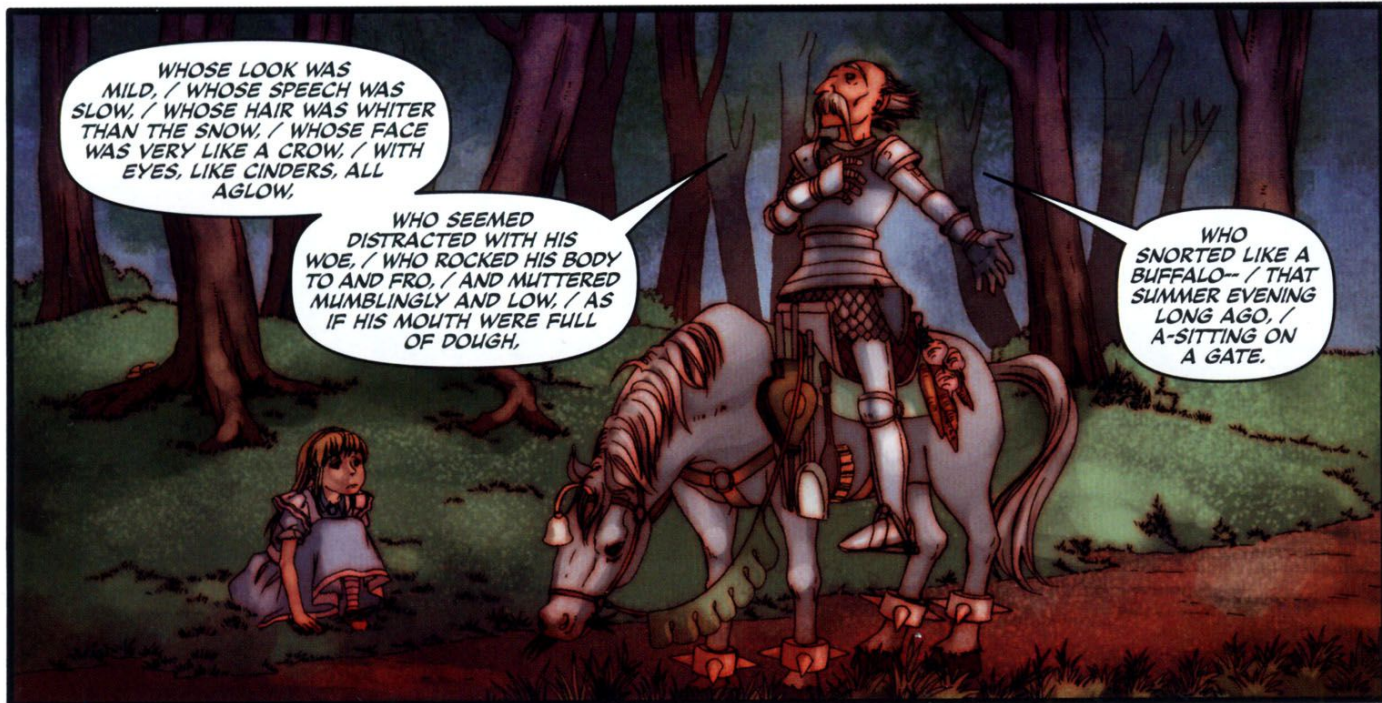
I HEARD HIM THEN, FOR I HAD JUST
COMPLETED MY DESIGN
TO KEEP THE MENAI BRIDGE FROM RUST
BY BOILING IT IN WINE.

I THANKED HIM MUCH FOR TELLING ME
THE WAY HE GOT HIS WEALTH,
BUT CHIEFLY FOR HIS WISH THAT HE
MIGHT DRINK MY NOBLE HEALTH.



AND NOW, IF E'ER BY CHANCE I PUT
MY FINGERS INTO GLUE,
OR MADLY SQUEEZE A RIGHT-HAND FOOT
INTO A LEFT-HAND SHOE,

OR IF I DROP UPON MY TOE
A VERY HEAVY WEIGHT,
I WEEP, FOR IT REMINDS ME SO
OF THAT OLD MAN I USED TO KNOW--





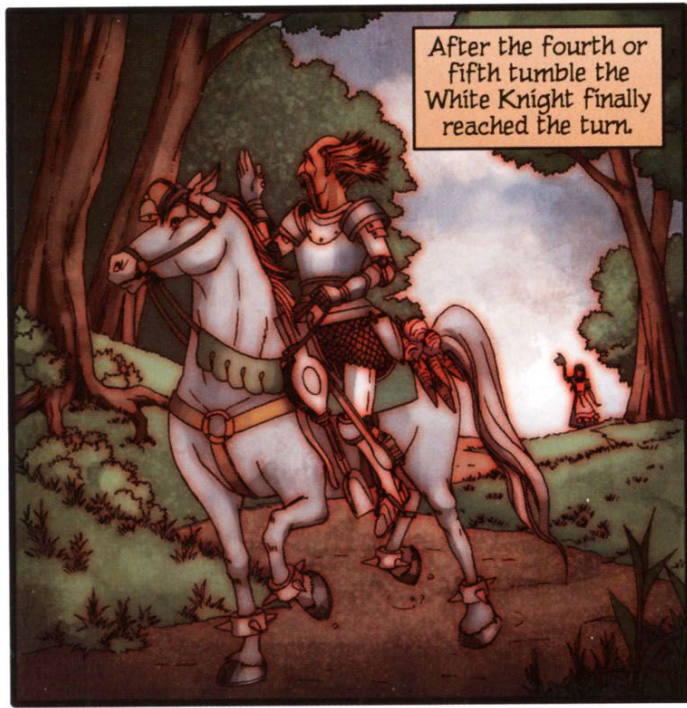
So Alice stood and watched the horse walking leisurely along the road, the Knight tumbling off...



...first on one side...



...and then on the other.



After the fourth or fifth tumble the White Knight finally reached the turn.

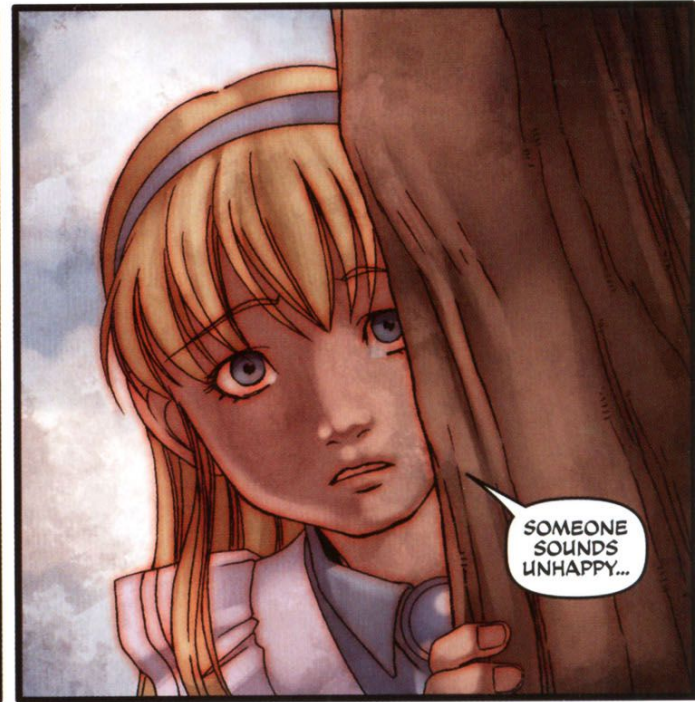


Alice waved her handkerchief and waiting until he was out of sight.



AND NOW FOR THE LAST BROOK, AND TO BE A QUEE--

~SIGH~



SOMEONE SOUNDS UNHAPPY...

HE SOUNDS *VERY* UNHAPPY! I DON'T *THINK* I CAN BE OF ANY USE TO HIM, BUT I'LL JUST ASK HIM WHAT'S THE MATTER.

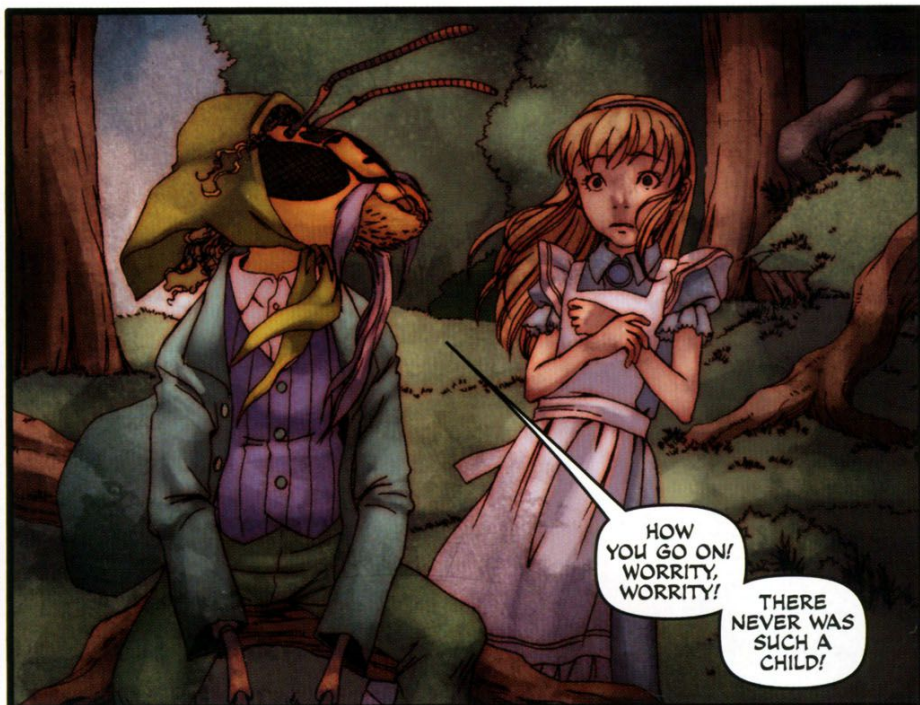
IF I ONCE JUMP OVER, EVERYTHING WILL CHANGE, AND THEN I CAN'T HELP HIM.



OH, MY OLD BONES, MY OLD BONES!

IT'S RHEUMATISM. I SHOULD THINK I SHOULD HOPE YOU'RE NOT IN MUCH PAIN?

AREN'T YOU RATHER COLD HERE?



HOW YOU GO ON! WORRITY, WORRITY!

THERE NEVER WAS SUCH A CHILD!



WON'T YOU LET ME HELP YOU ROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE? YOU'LL BE OUT OF THE COLD WIND THERE.



THERE! NOW! ISN'T THIS A GREAT DEAL NICER?

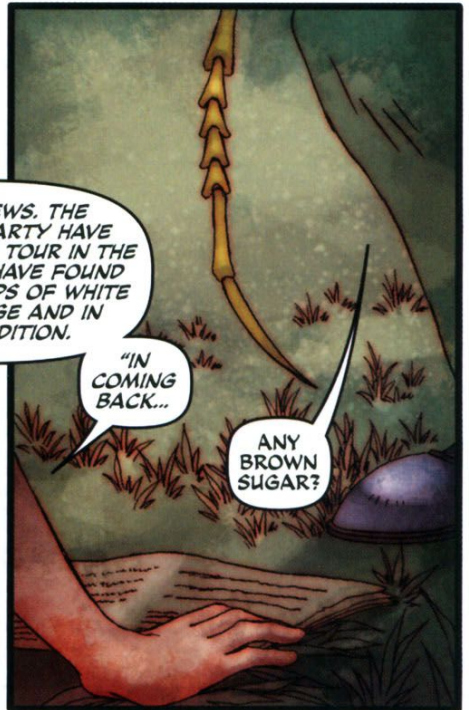


WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO READ YOU A BIT OF THIS?

YOU MAY READ IT IF YOU'VE A MIND TO. NOBODY'S HINDERING YOU THAT I KNOW OF.



"LATEST NEWS. THE EXPLORING PARTY HAVE MADE ANOTHER TOUR IN THE PANTRY, AND HAVE FOUND FIVE NEW LUMPS OF WHITE SUGAR, LARGE AND IN FINE CONDITION.



"IN COMING BACK...

ANY BROWN SUGAR?



NO. IT SAYS NOTHING ABOUT BROWN. IT DOES SAY THEY FOUND A LAKE OF TREACLE WHICH...

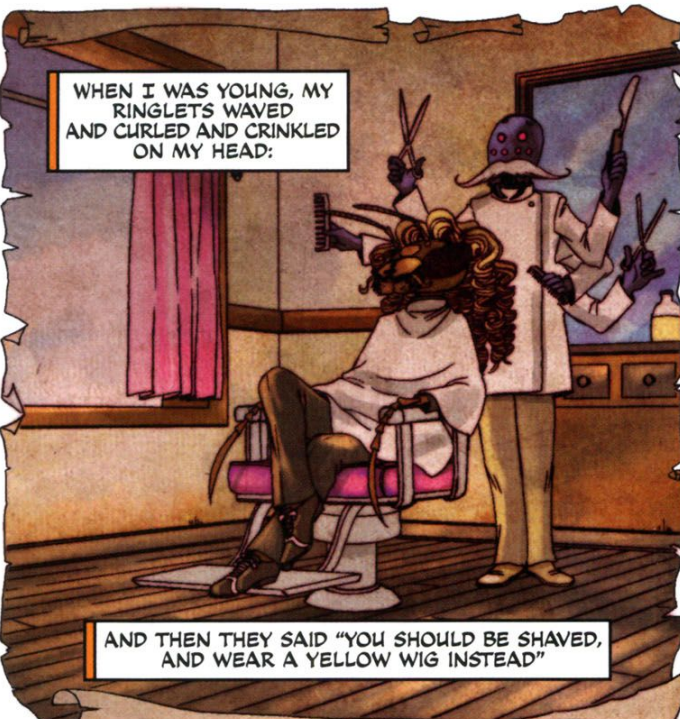
NO BROWN SUGAR! A NICE EXPLORING PARTY!



I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT WELL. CAN'T I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU?

IT'S ALL ALONG OF THE WIG!





WHEN I WAS YOUNG, MY
RINGLETS WAVED
AND CURLED AND CRINKLED
ON MY HEAD:

AND THEN THEY SAID "YOU SHOULD BE SHAVED,
AND WEAR A YELLOW WIG INSTEAD"



BUT WHEN I FOLLOWED THEIR ADVICE,
AND THEY HAD NOTICED THE EFFECT,

THEY SAID I DID NOT LOOK SO NICE
AS THEY HAD VENTURED TO EXPECT.



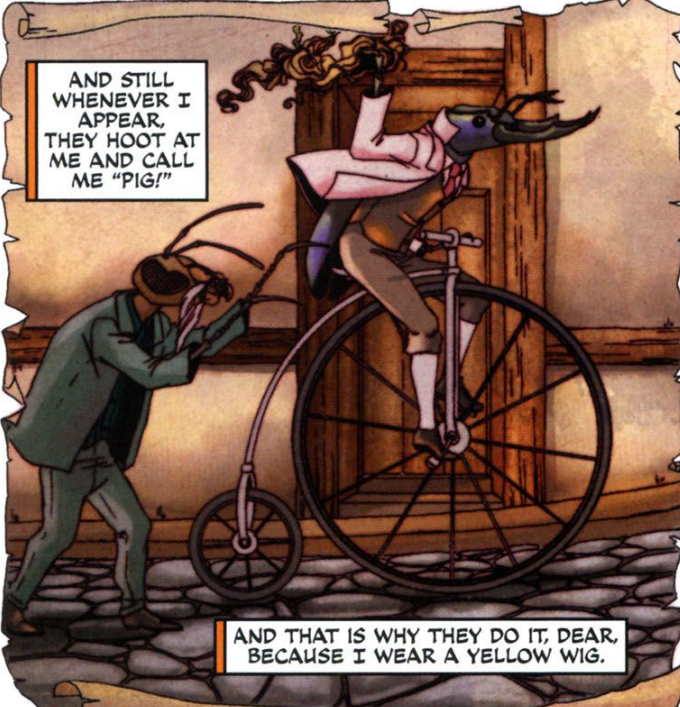
THEY SAID IT DID NOT FIT, AND SO
IT MADE ME LOOK EXTREMELY PLAIN:

BUT WHAT WAS I TO DO, YOU KNOW?
MY RINGLETS WOULD NOT GROW AGAIN!



SO NOW THAT I AM OLD AND GREY,
AND ALL MY HAIR IS NEARLY GONE,

THEY TAKE MY WIG FROM ME AND SAY
HOW CAN YOU PUT SUCH RUBBISH ON?



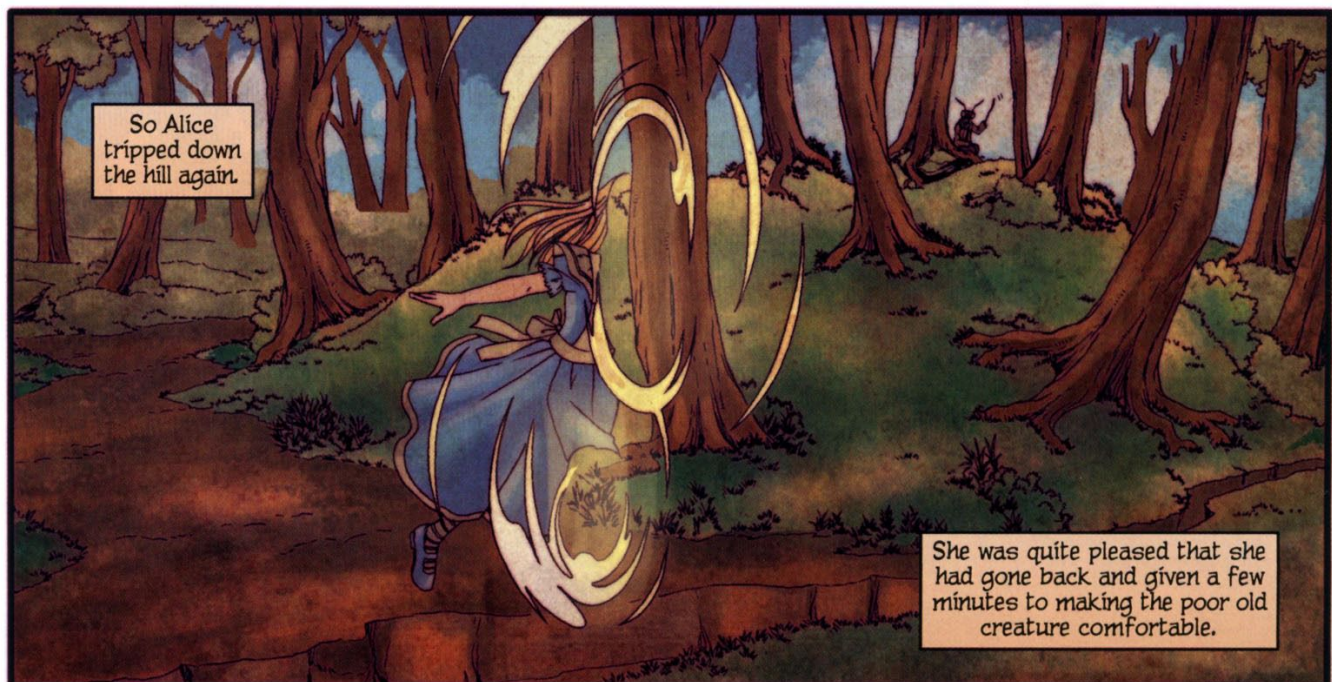
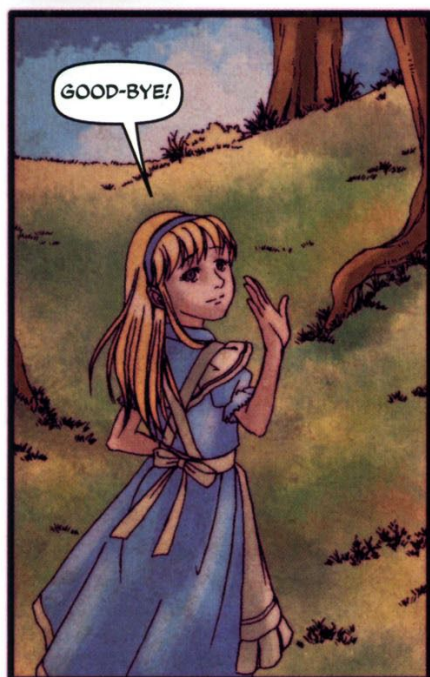
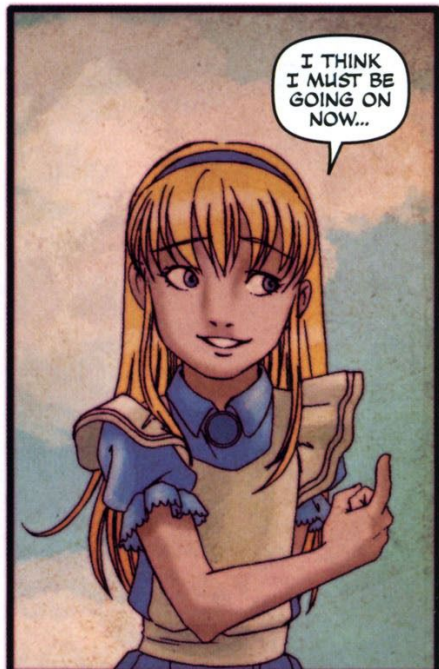
AND STILL
WHENEVER I
APPEAR,
THEY HOOT AT
ME AND CALL
ME "PIG!"

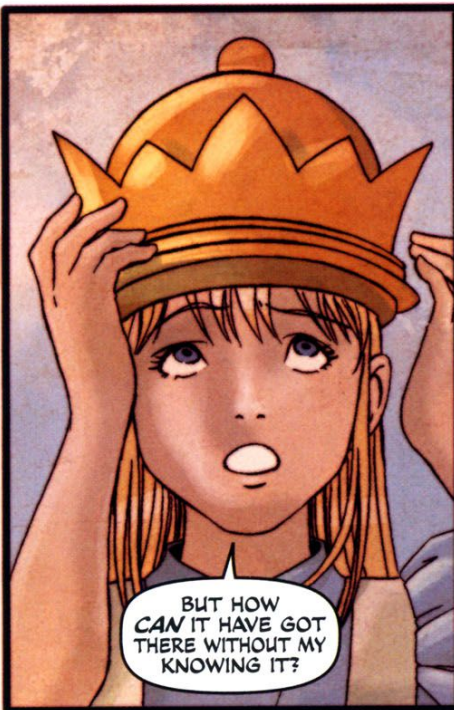
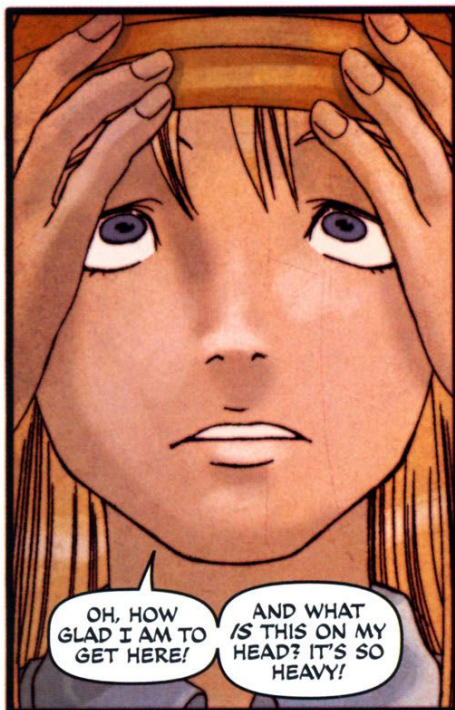
AND THAT IS WHY THEY DO IT, DEAR,
BECAUSE I WEAR A YELLOW WIG.

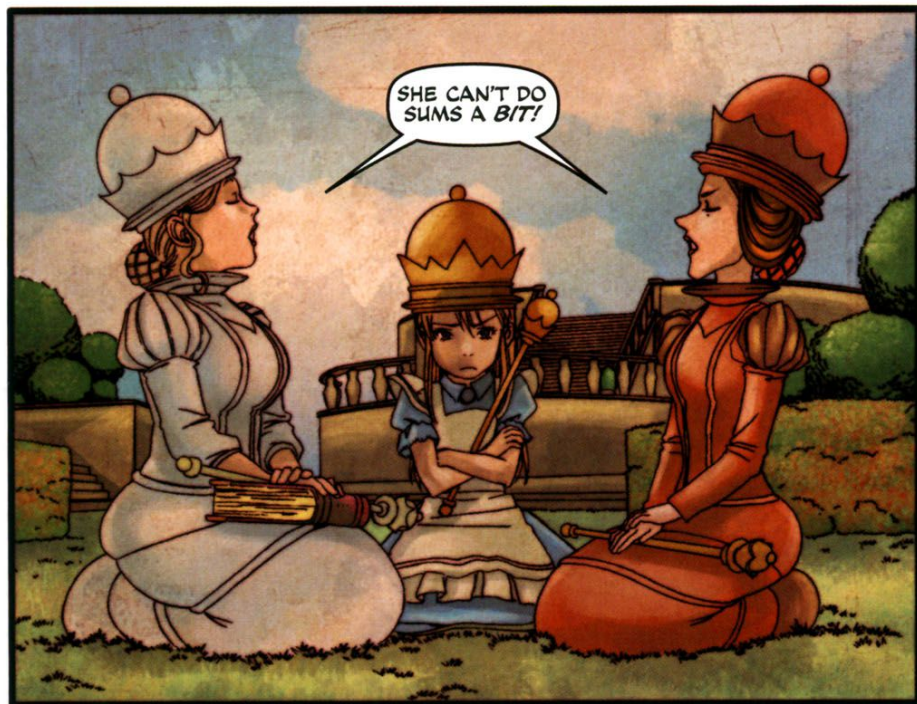


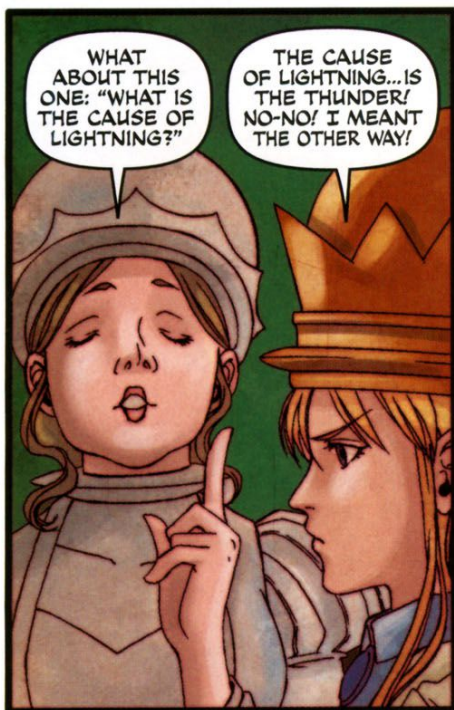
PSIGH











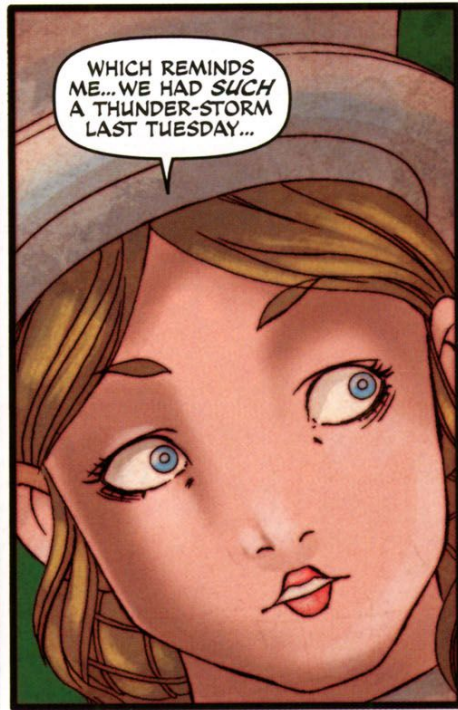
WHAT ABOUT THIS ONE: "WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF LIGHTNING?"

THE CAUSE OF LIGHTNING...IS THE THUNDER! NO-NO! I MEANT THE OTHER WAY!

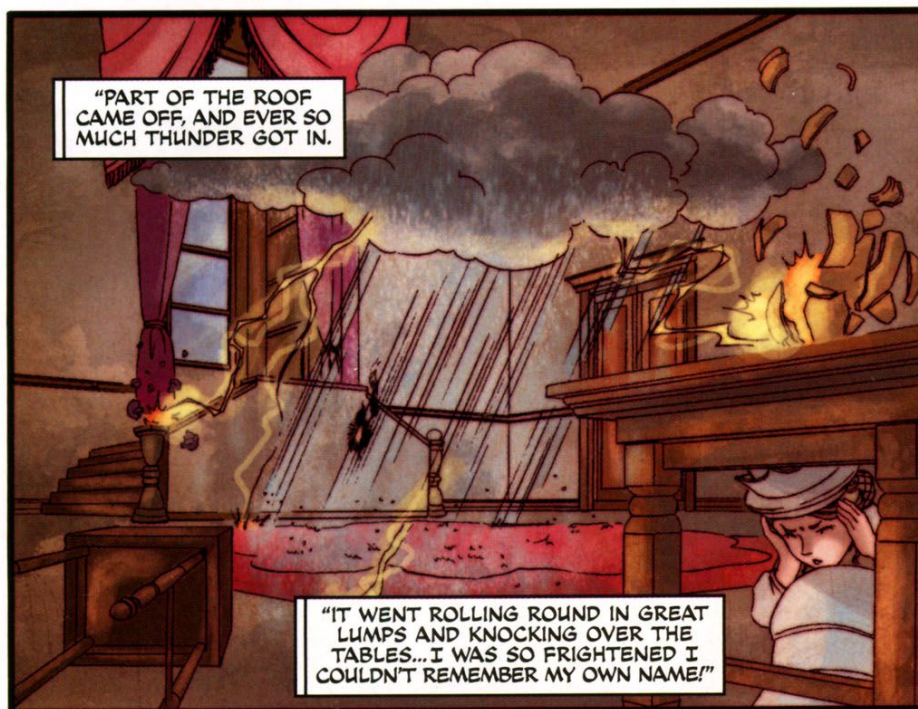


IT'S TOO LATE TO CORRECT IT!

WHEN YOU'VE ONCE SAID A THING, THAT FIXES IT, AND YOU MUST TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES!



WHICH REMINDS ME...WE HAD *SUCH* A THUNDER-STORM LAST TUESDAY...

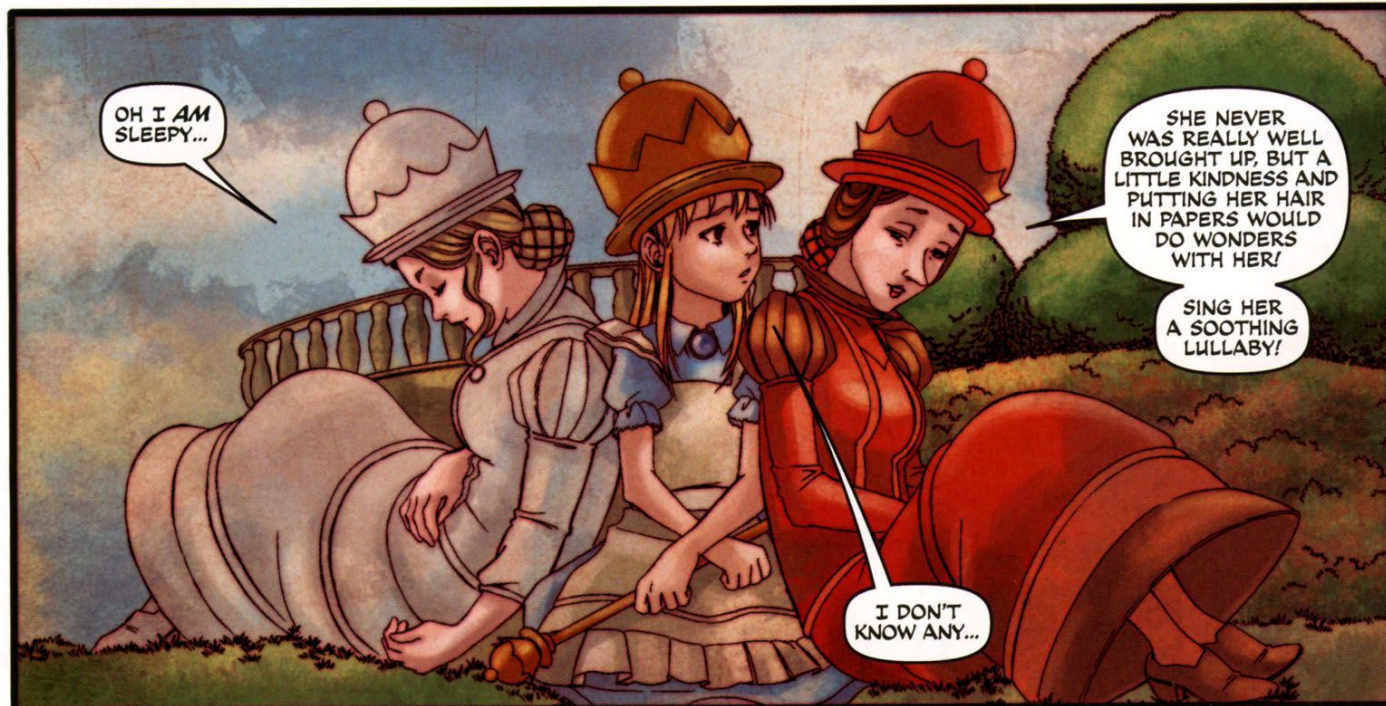


"PART OF THE ROOF CAME OFF, AND EVER SO MUCH THUNDER GOT IN.

"IT WENT ROLLING ROUND IN GREAT LUMPS AND KNOCKING OVER THE TABLES...I WAS SO FRIGHTENED I COULDN'T REMEMBER MY OWN NAME!"



YOUR MAJESTY MUST EXCUSE HER. SHE MEANS WELL BUT SHE CAN'T HELP SAYING FOOLISH THINGS AS A GENERAL RULE.

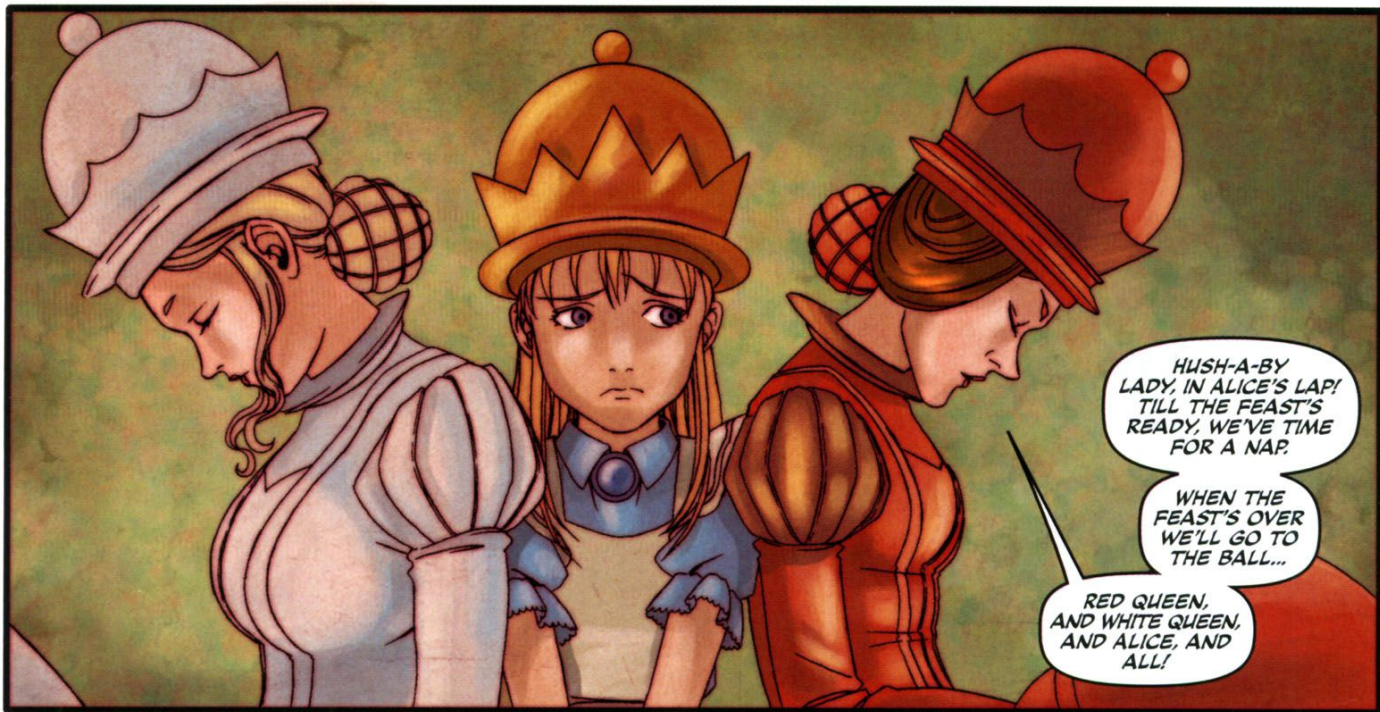


OH I AM SLEEPY...

SHE NEVER WAS REALLY WELL BROUGHT UP, BUT A LITTLE KINDNESS AND PUTTING HER HAIR IN PAPERS WOULD DO WONDERS WITH HER!

SING HER A SOOTHING LULLABY!

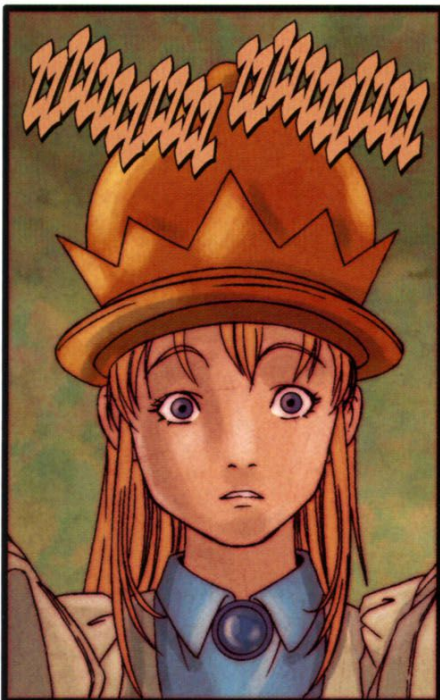
I DON'T KNOW ANY...



HUSH-A-BY
LADY, IN ALICE'S LAP!
TILL THE FEAST'S
READY, WE'VE TIME
FOR A NAP.

WHEN THE
FEAST'S OVER
WE'LL GO TO
THE BALL...

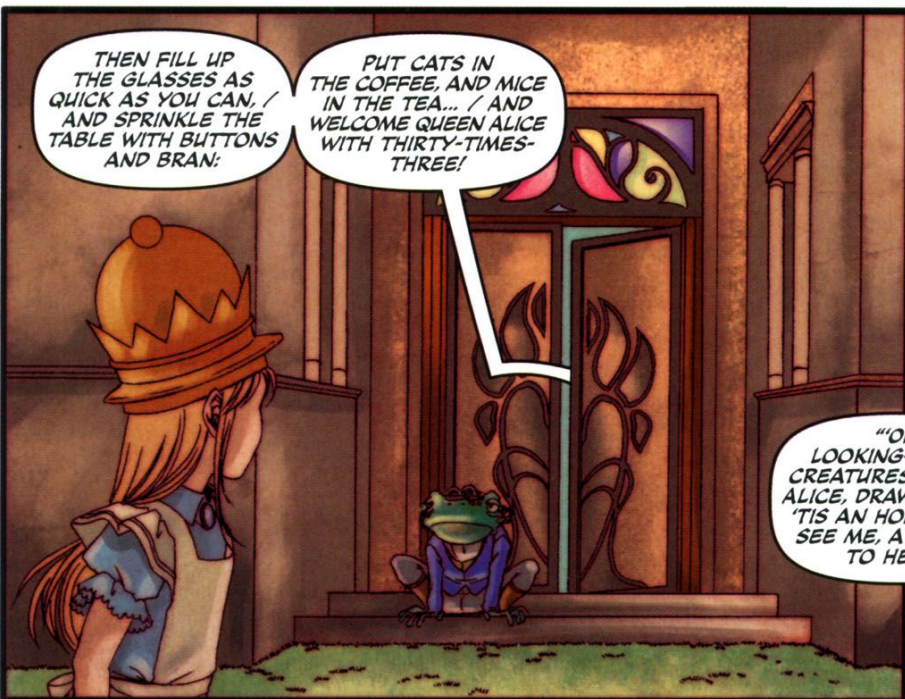
RED QUEEN,
AND WHITE QUEEN,
AND ALICE, AND
ALL!



TO THE
LOOKING-GLASS
WORLD IT
WAS ALICE
THAT SAID

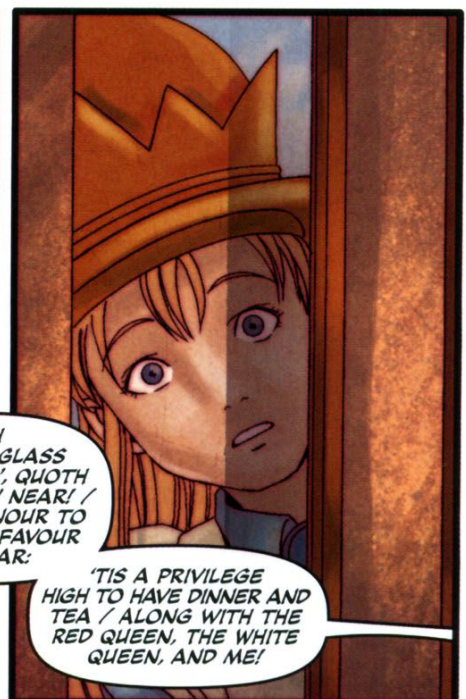
I'VE A
SCEPTRE IN HAND,
I'VE A CROWN ON
MY HEAD.

LET THE
LOOKING-GLASS CREATURES,
WHATEVER THEY BE / COME
AND DINE WITH THE RED
QUEEN THE WHITE QUEEN
AND ME!



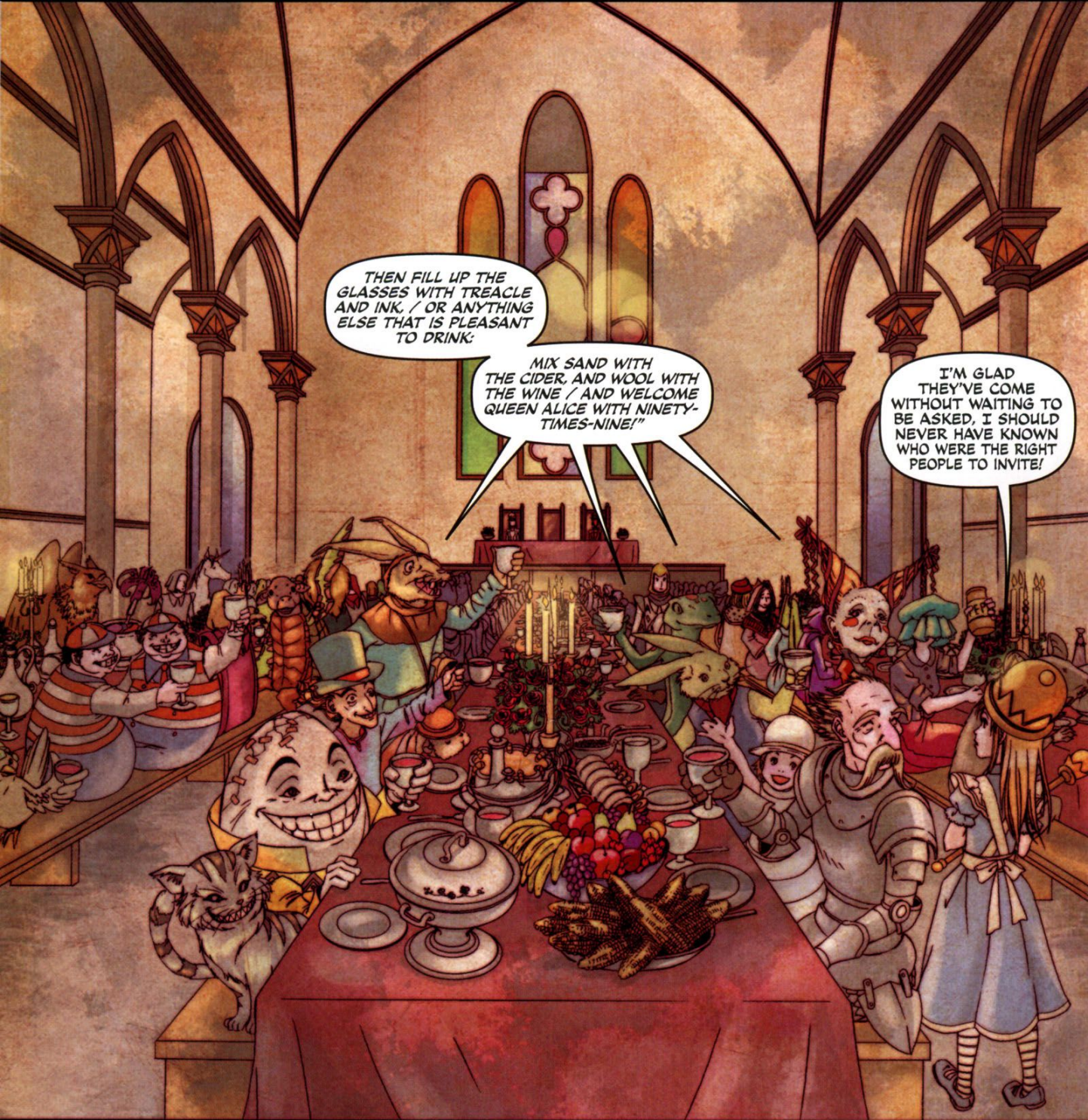
THEN FILL UP
THE GLASSES AS
QUICK AS YOU CAN. /
AND SPRINKLE THE
TABLE WITH BUTTONS
AND BRAN:

PUT CATS IN
THE COFFEE, AND MICE
IN THE TEA... / AND
WELCOME QUEEN ALICE
WITH THIRTY-TIMES-
THREE!



"OH
LOOKING-GLASS
CREATURES', QUOTH
ALICE, DRAW NEAR! /
'TIS AN HONOUR TO
SEE ME, A FAVOUR
TO HEAR:

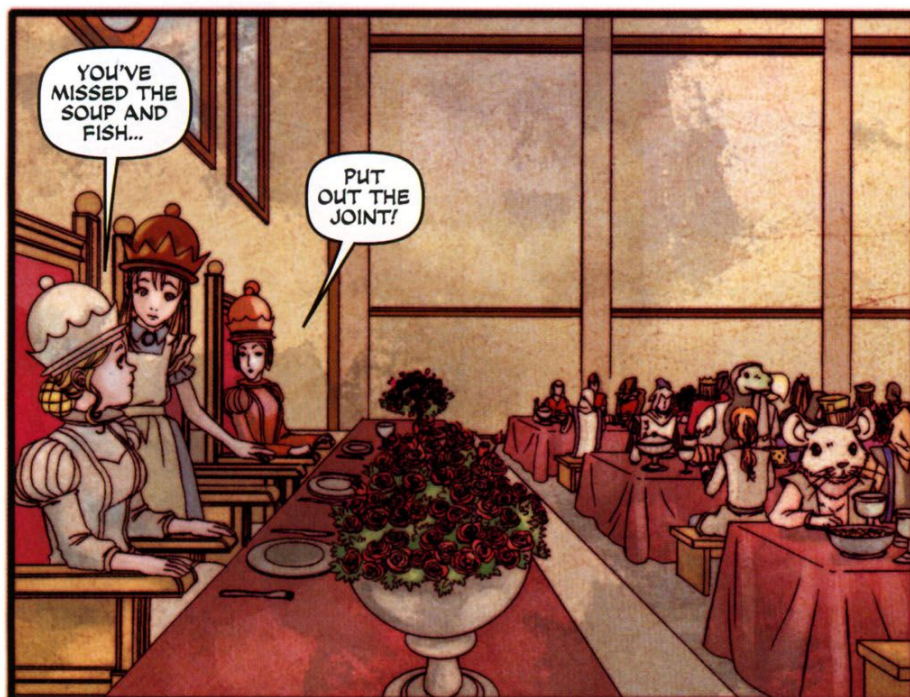
'TIS A PRIVILEGE
HIGH TO HAVE DINNER AND
TEA / ALONG WITH THE
RED QUEEN, THE WHITE
QUEEN, AND ME!



THEN FILL UP THE GLASSES WITH TREACLE AND INK, / OR ANYTHING ELSE THAT IS PLEASANT TO DRINK:

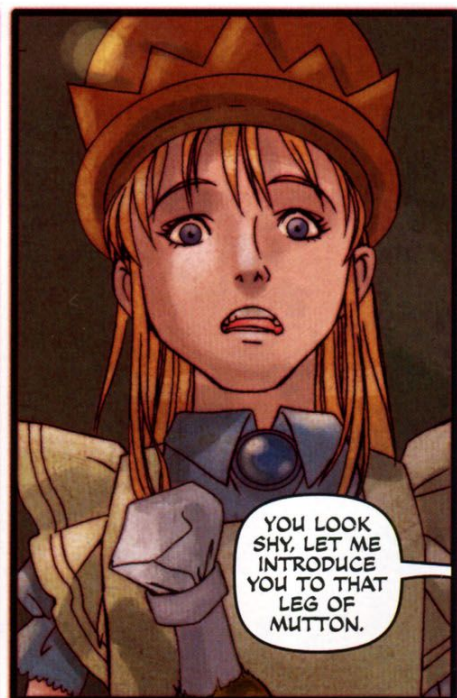
MIX SAND WITH THE CIDER, AND WOOL WITH THE WINE / AND WELCOME QUEEN ALICE WITH NINETY-TIMES-NINE!"

I'M GLAD THEY'VE COME WITHOUT WAITING TO BE ASKED, I SHOULD NEVER HAVE KNOWN WHO WERE THE RIGHT PEOPLE TO INVITE!

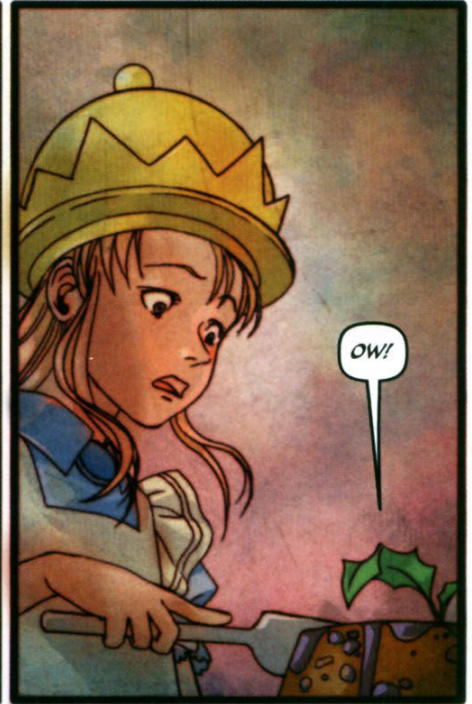
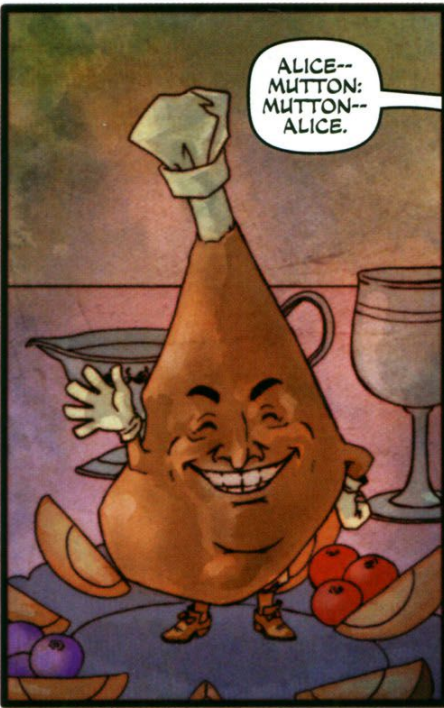


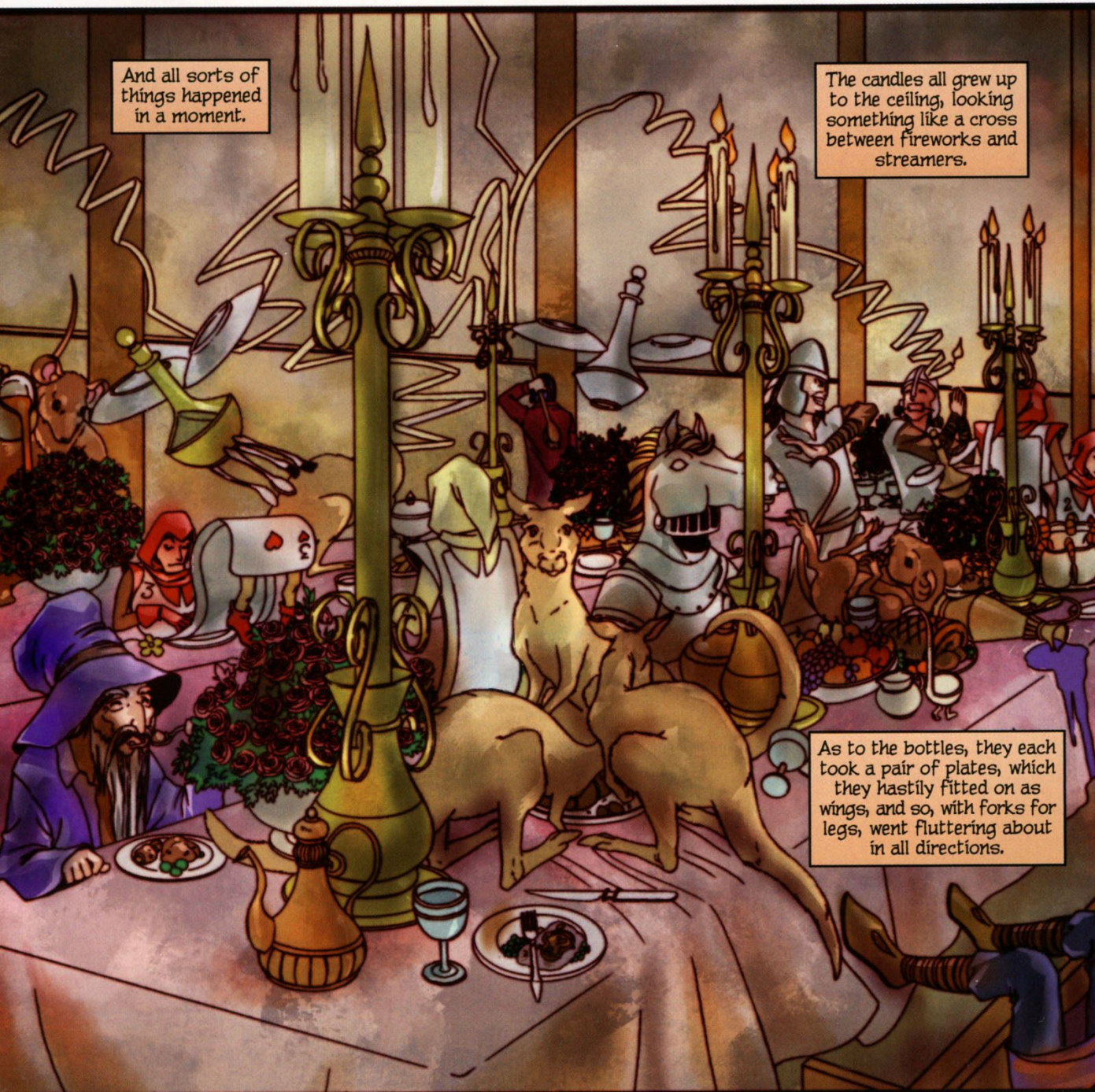
YOU'VE MISSED THE SOUP AND FISH...

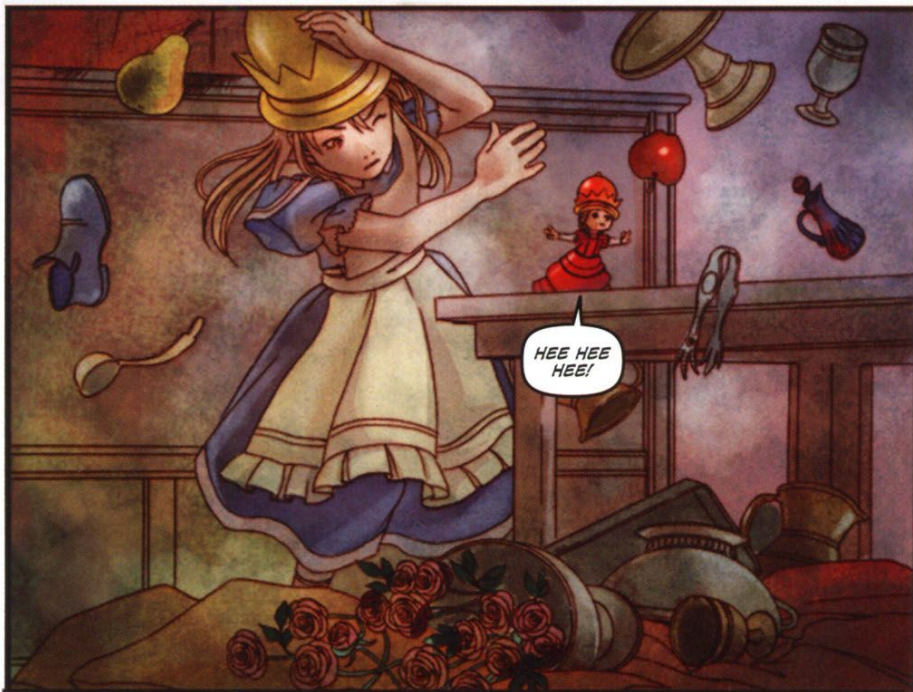
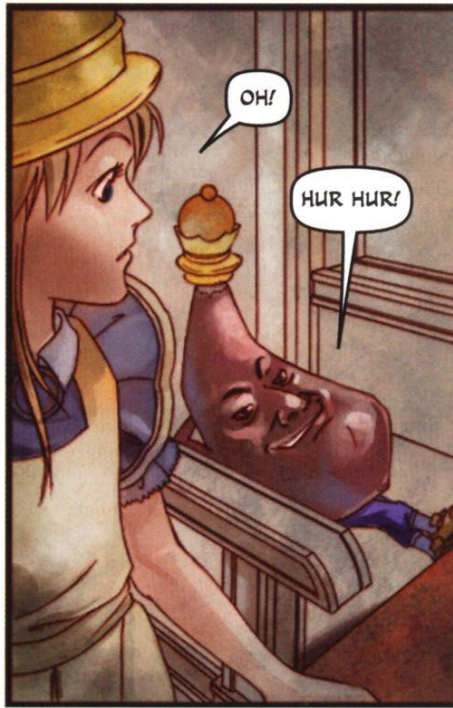
PUT OUT THE JOINT!

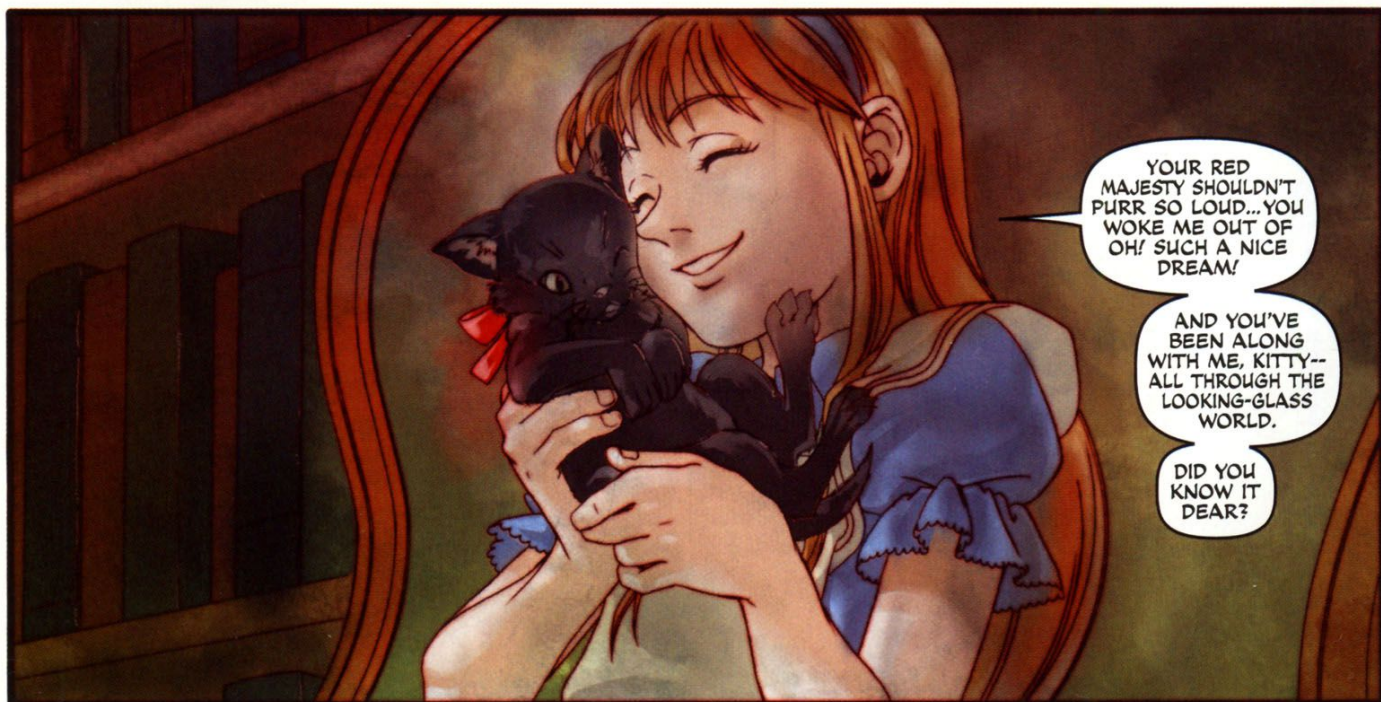
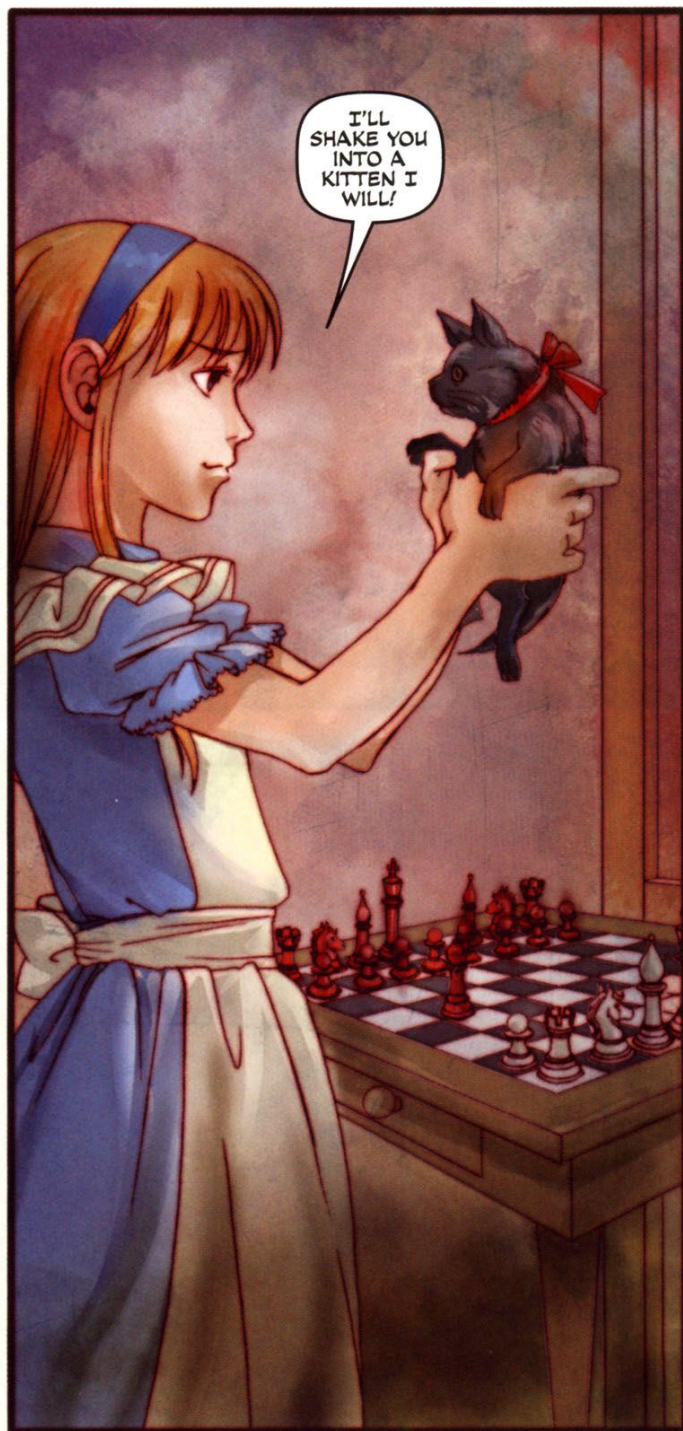
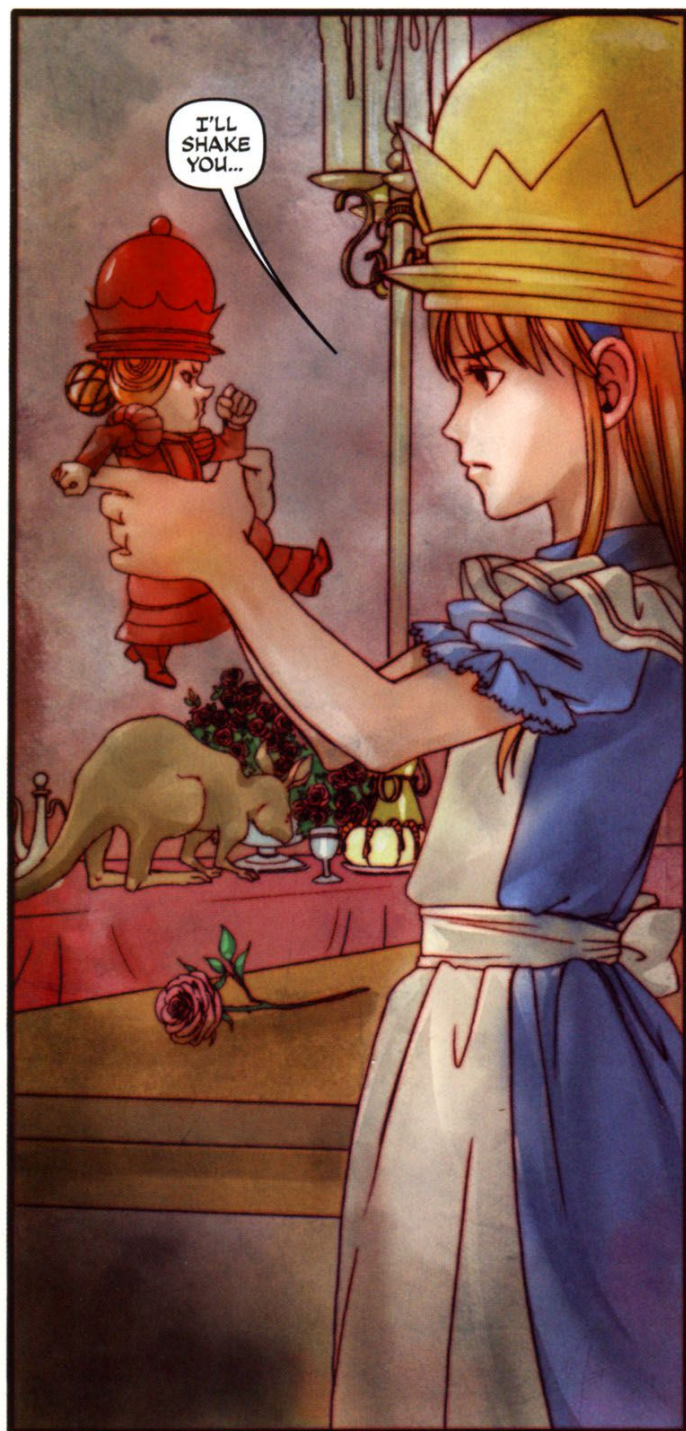


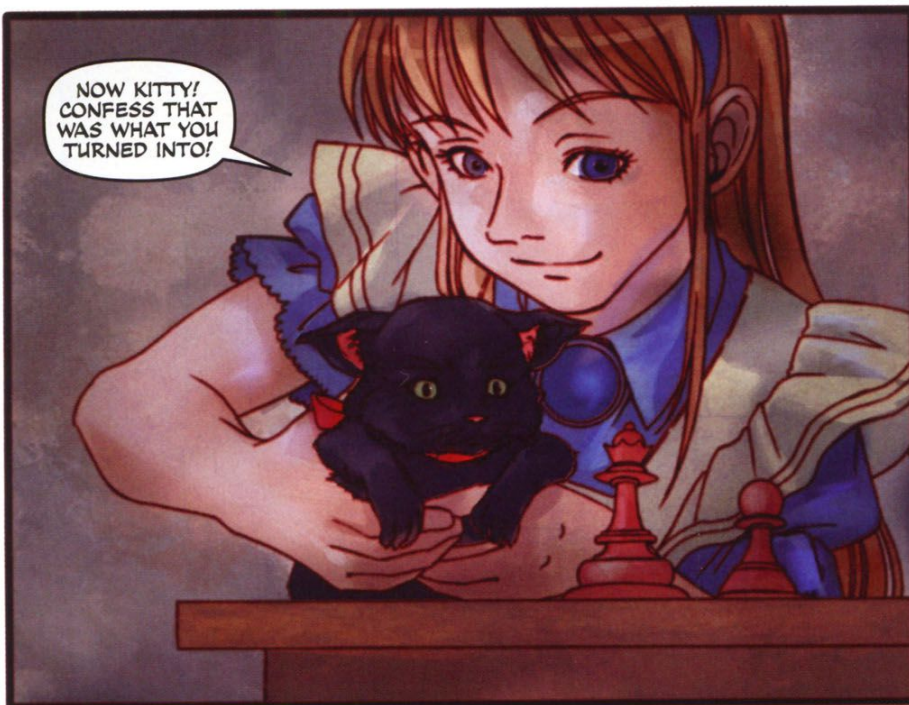
YOU LOOK SHY, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO THAT LEG OF MUTTON.











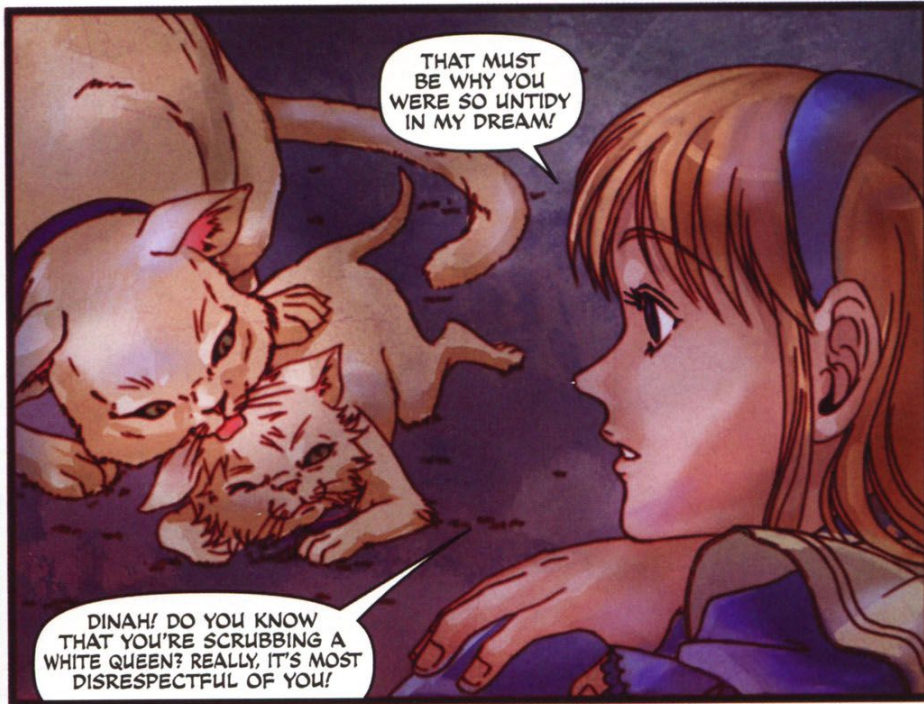
NOW KITTY!
CONFESS THAT
WAS WHAT YOU
TURNED INTO!



SIT UP A LITTLE
MORE STIFFLY DEAR!
AND CURTSEY WHILE
YOU'RE THINKING IT
SAVES TIME,
REMEMBER!

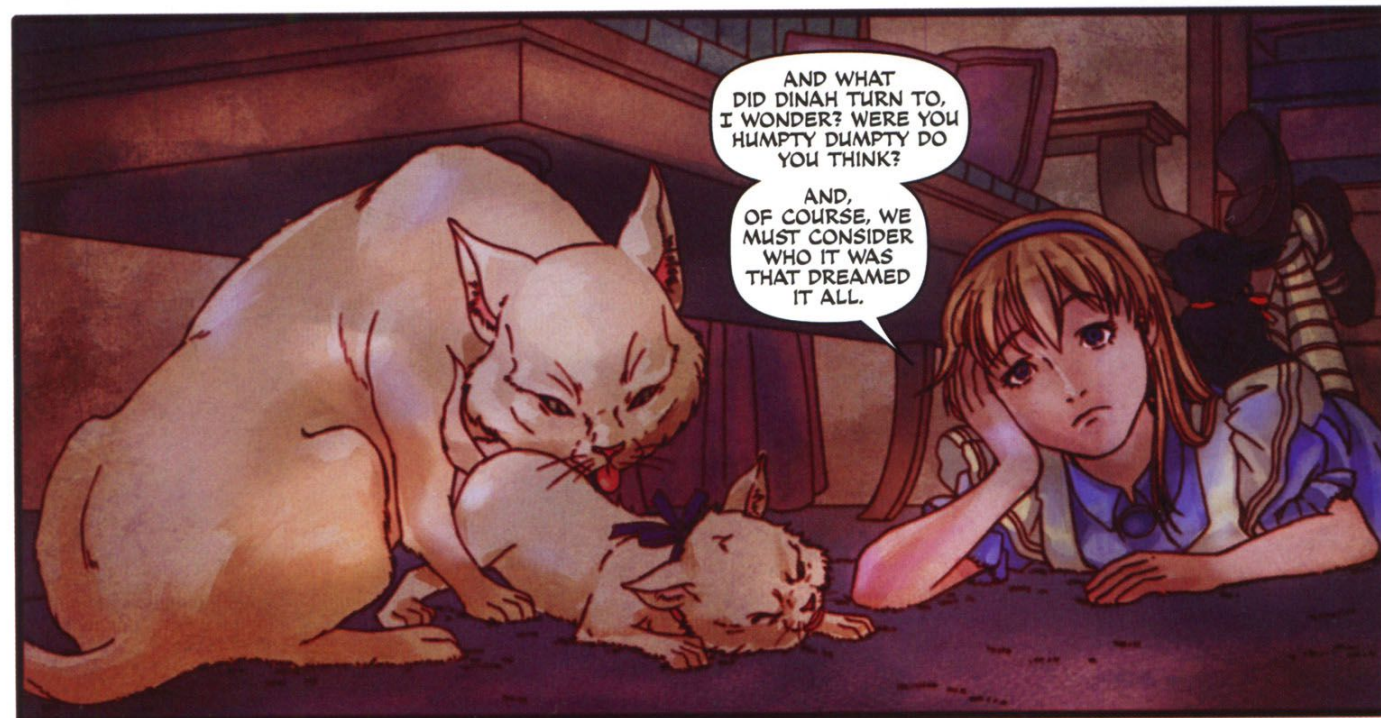


SNOWDROP
MY PET! WHEN
WILL DINAH HAVE
FINISHED WITH
YOUR WHITE
MAJESTY?



THAT MUST
BE WHY YOU
WERE SO UNTIDY
IN MY DREAM!

DINAH! DO YOU KNOW
THAT YOU'RE SCRUBBING A
WHITE QUEEN? REALLY, IT'S MOST
DISRESPECTFUL OF YOU!

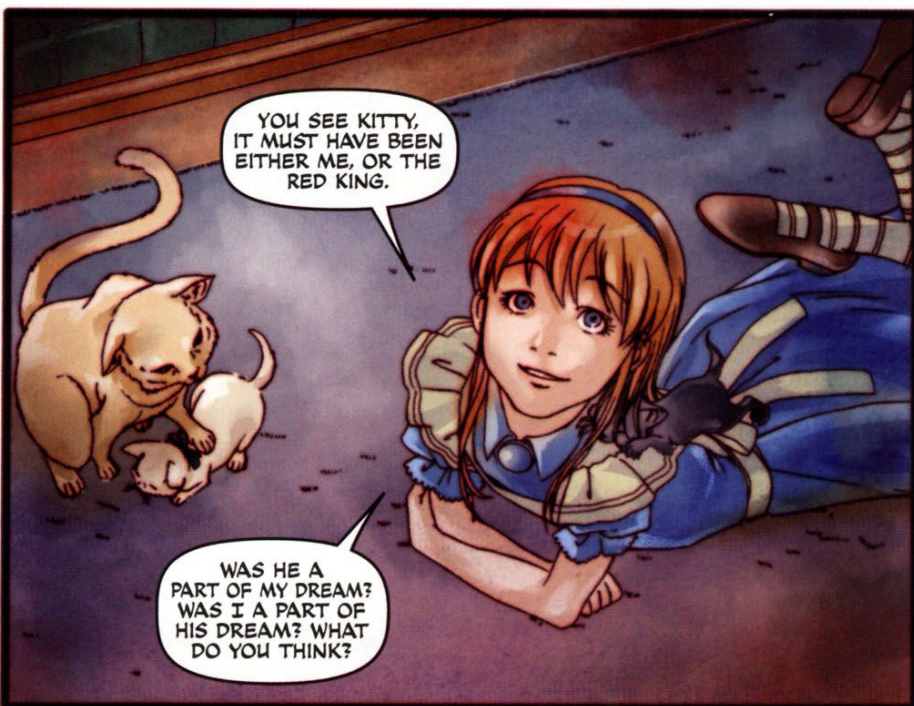


AND WHAT
DID DINAH TURN TO,
I WONDER? WERE YOU
HUMPTY DUMPTY DO
YOU THINK?

AND,
OF COURSE, WE
MUST CONSIDER
WHO IT WAS
THAT DREAMED
IT ALL.

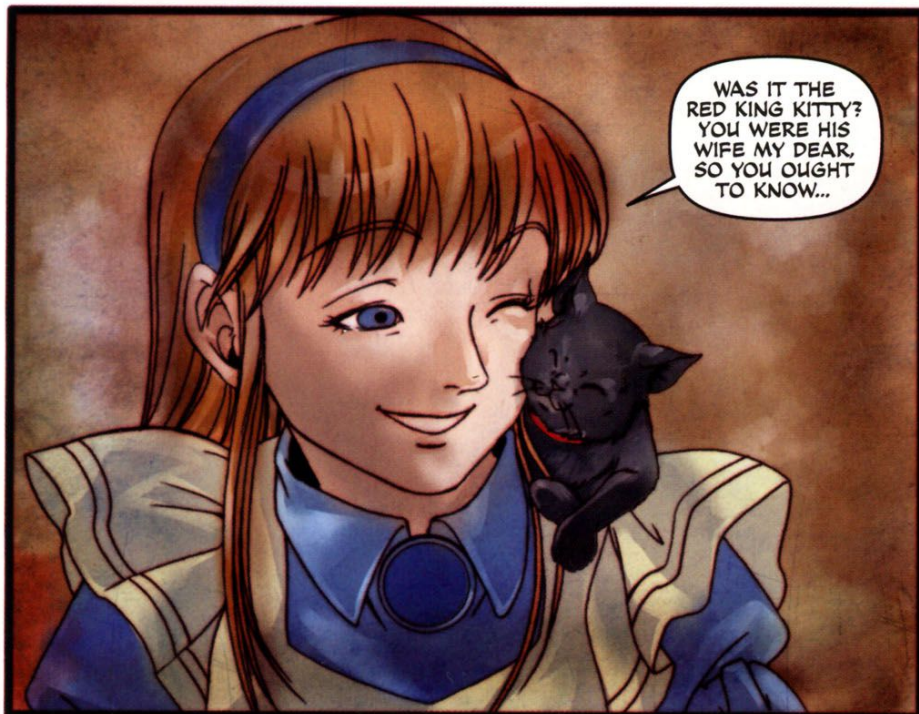


THIS IS A SERIOUS QUESTION, MY DEAR AND YOU SHOULD NOT GO ON WASHING SNOWDROP LIKE THAT!



YOU SEE KITTY, IT MUST HAVE BEEN EITHER ME, OR THE RED KING.

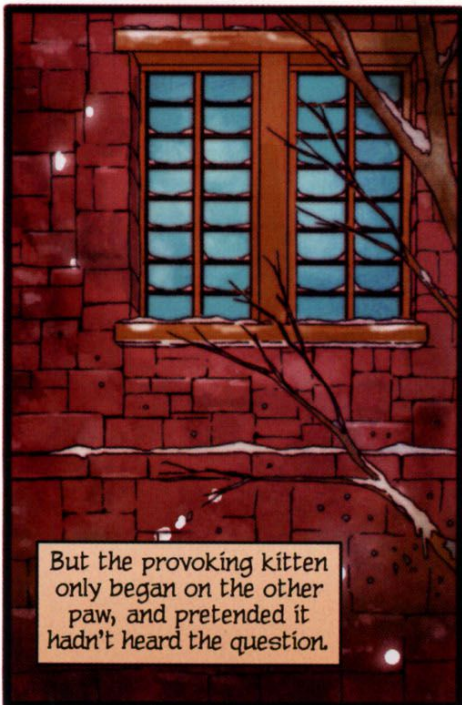
WAS HE A PART OF MY DREAM? WAS I A PART OF HIS DREAM? WHAT DO YOU THINK?



WAS IT THE RED KING KITTY? YOU WERE HIS WIFE MY DEAR, SO YOU OUGHT TO KNOW...



OH, KITTY, DO HELP ME SETTLE IT! I'M SURE YOUR PAW CAN WAIT!



But the provoking kitten only began on the other paw, and pretended it hadn't heard the question.



Which do YOU think it was?

A Boat Beneath A Sunny Sky

A boat beneath a sunny sky,
Lingering onward dreamily
In an evening of July -

Children three that nestle near,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Pleased a simple tale to hear -

Long had faded that sunny sky:
Echoes fade and memories die.
Autumn frosts have slain July,

Still she haunts me, phantomwise,
Alice moving under skies
Never seen by waking eyes.

Children yet, the tale to hear,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Lovingly shall nestle near.

In a Wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die:

Ever drifting down the stream -
Lingering in the golden gleam -
Life, what is it but a dream?



Creating Wonderland

THE COMPLETE ALICE IN WONDERLAND • Issue Four, Page Thirty-Four.
Script by Leah Moore and John Reppion

This is a three panel page, with a big two thirds splash panel at the top, and two underneath it.

Panel One.

In this panel we have Alice approaching us up a grassy slope: at the bottom of the slope in the background we can see the brook which separates this square from the eighth square. The other side of the brook is kind of indistinct really: it's hard to know what's over there. The grassy slope has big gnarled trees every so often, and there is one in the left foreground. The tree is really old and gnarly, and so is the creature sitting underneath it! There is an old man with the head and hands of a wasp dressed in a dark jacket and trousers with a yellow and black striped waistcoat on. He has a yellow handkerchief tied around his face, which almost covers his hair, and ties under his chin like a head scarf. What hair we can see sticking out from under the scarf at the back, is really untidy, tangled and importantly also yellow! He has antennae sticking out from under the front of the headscarf, and his hands are little wasp pincers (I looked on Wikipedia and there are some amazing wasp reference pictures!) He has large compound eyes, and weird hairy little mandibles to either side of his mouth. I have no idea how you make a wasp look old, but he is old, so maybe his mandible hair is grey? Lord knows! He reminds me of Vincent Price in the original version of The Fly before it was remade with Jeff Goldblum in it! He is sitting with his back to the tree in the left foreground and Alice is approaching him as she walks up the slope. He is certainly the most unpleasant creature we have seen her meet so far, even worse than the gnat! It is a windy day so leaves are being caught up and carried a little way. The grass and flowers are being blown into swirls by the gusts, and the trees sway overhead. There are two balloons from Alice and one from the wasp which has failed to even notice her yet.

Alice: He sounds very unhappy! I don't think I can be of any use to him, but I'll just ask him what's the matter.

Alice: If I once jump over, everything will change, and then I can't help him.

Wasp: Oh, my old bones, my old bones!

Panel Two.

This is a small shot of Alice as she approaches the wasp. She is bending over slightly to speak to him in the strange patronising way people do when talking to old people. She looks concerned. She has two balloons.

Alice: Its rheumatism, I should think. I should hope you're not in much pain?

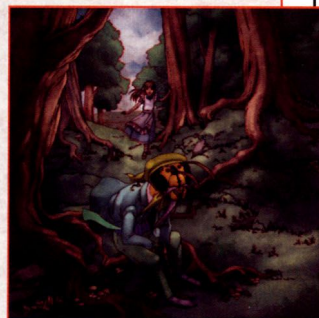
Alice: Aren't you rather cold here?

Panel Three.

This is a wider shot with the wasp looking round at Alice suddenly. She looks quite startled by the sight of his strange features and shiny compound eyes. The wasp has two balloons.

Wasp: How you go on! Worryity, worryity!

Wasp: There never was such a child!

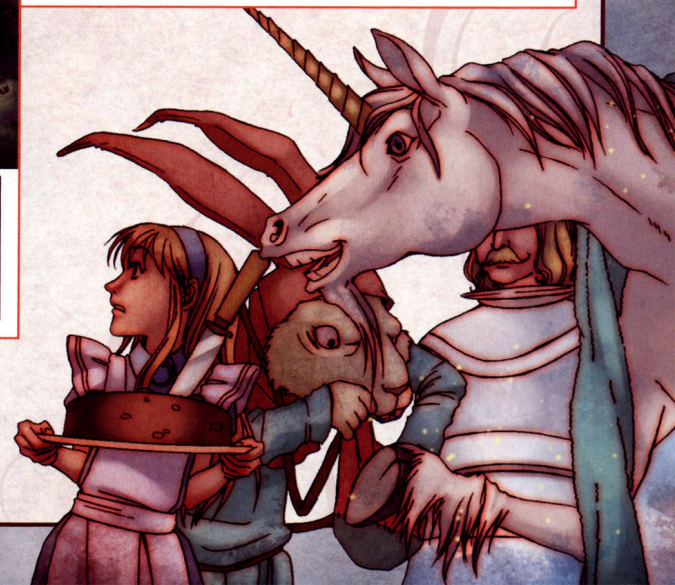


Opposite page:

Right: Érica Awano's finished line art for page 24

Top left: Érica Awano's rough layout for page 24

Bottom left: PC Siqueira's final colors for page 24





So Alice hunted among the chessmen on the table till she had found the Red Queen: then she went down on her knees on the hearth-rug, and put the kitten and the Queen to look at each other. "Now, Kitty!" she cried, clapping her hands triumphantly. "Confess that was what you turned into!"

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